

Leatherneck

APRIL 1954

MAGAZINE OF THE MARINES

25c

Post of the Corps

8th & EYE



UNDERWATER
HUNT

CHALK

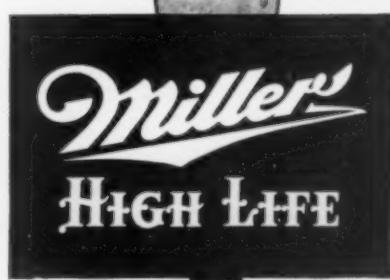




AFTER ALL...

It's the Champagne of Bottle Beer

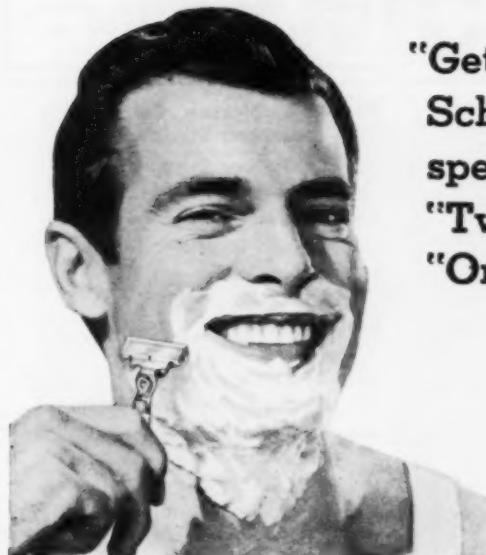
Yours is a sense of well-being known only to the true sportsman. The air is filled with friendly banter and the tantalizing aroma of campfire cooking. And, as your catch sizzles in the pan, you make the most of the moment with the deep-down, refreshing goodness of Miller High Life. Man, this is living . . . this is enjoying life with Miller High Life! Yes, after all . . . it's the Champagne of Bottle Beer!



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INJECTOR**
RAZOR & BLADES

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IN THIS

Leatherneck

VOLUME XXXVII, NUMBER 4

APRIL, 1954

ARTICLES

Police Academy, L. A.	20
Advance	26
The Sea Urchin	28
Training Time	31
Operation Comeback	44

POST OF THE CORPS

Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.	14
---	----

SPORTS

Underwater Hunt	40
Open Season	48

FICTION

Color Blind	34
------------------	----

DEPARTMENTS

Sound Off	4
The Old Gunny Says	8
Mail Call	11
Leatherneck Laffs	38
In Reserve	50
Gyrene Gyngles	53
Crazy Captions	54
We—The Marines	56
Transfers	60
Claim Your Bond!	63
Bulletin Board	67
Citations And Awards	75
Books Reviewed	80

Leatherneck



THIS MONTH'S COVER

That floral emblem on top of the helmet may not be SOP, but the few colorful harbingers of Spring seem very well placed on the "green side out" changeover. Research by Leatherneck staff artist, Sgt. John Chalk who painted the cover, reveals that the flowers are called *Eschscholtzia Californica*. And, what's more, he can pronounce it!

NEXT ISSUE

THE FUTURE OF MARINE AVIATION . . . What roles will the Corps' pilots, planes and helicopters play in the years ahead? FLYING SERGEANTS . . . The exploits of enlisted pilots whose specialty is versatility in the air.

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instead of a Treatment...

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young TV actress



UNTIL YOU TRY King Size OLD GOLDS, you'll never know how wonderful a King Size cigarette can taste. In both popular sizes, OLD GOLD is backed by the same rich background and know-how . . . the same skilled tobacco craftsmanship that has always made Regular OLD GOLDS so popular.

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to hold**



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Daddy's hand is there to hold?
Makes a girl feel the same size
as everybody.*

*That's the way all little girls
and boys need to feel—safe in a
world of love where they can
grow without fear. That's where
the security we need begins—
for every one of us.*

To build security for those we
love—that is our common dream
—a dream that can come true
only in a country like America
where every man and woman is
free to work for it.

By taking care of our own we
also make America strong. For the
strength of our country is simply
the strength of each secure
home joined to that of another.

Saving for security is easy! Here's a
savings system that really works—the
Payroll Savings Plan for investing in
United States Savings Bonds.

Go to your company's pay office, choose
the amount you want to save. That money
will be set aside for you before you
even draw your pay. And invested in
Bonds which are turned over to you.

If you can save only \$3.75 a week on
the Plan, in 9 years and 8 months you
will have \$2,137.30. For your sake, and
your family's, too, how about signing
up today? Or join the Bond-A-Month
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SOUND OFF



Edited by MSgt. Harry Pugh

PURPLE HEART

Dear Editor:

I was discharged from the Marine Corps on January 30, 1954. Upon my discharge, the Sergeant Major said I should write you people for information about my Purple Heart. My medical records show that I rate it, but as yet, I haven't received one. It has been three years since my wound.

I would like the address of the department that takes care of that. My former serial number was 1116835.

Anthony Joseph Case
231 Emory Road,
Mineola, New York

● We forwarded your letter to the Decorations and Medals Branch, Headquarters, Marine Corps, Washington 25, D. C., with a request for appropriate action.—Ed.

WEB EQUIPMENT

Dear Sir:

I have been in the Marine Corps now for a total of six years. All but the last six months of this time have been spent in either line companies or garrison post. When I first came in the

duty stations and about 18 months. Now that I have joined the First Marine Air Wing, they tell me to wash the "782" gear. My problem is; what is the word on "782" gear? Do you wash or not wash? If the word is to not wash, where can I find said word? The argument waxes hot here in the squadron. Can you settle this for us?

SSgt. Walter R. Dillon
VMA 251, MAG-12,
First Marine Air Wing, FMF,
FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

● No directive concerning the care and treatment of web equipment has been published by the Marine Corps. In general, however, the provisions of FM 21-15 of April, 1945 relative to brushing with mild soap and water, conform to accepted Marine Corps practice.

Marine Corps web equipment is dyed for camouflage reasons. Additional dyeing is not recommended nor should strong soaps, cleaning fluids or other items be used to bleach the material.

—Ed.

SHINY CLASP

Dear Sir:

I read and enjoyed the article "Post of the Corps, Portsmouth, Va." (January issue) very much but with one exception as follows:

In the picture of the Sea School First Sergeant "Wild Bill" Umlauf (page 23) it appears that the tie clasp has been shined in violation of the specifications as outlined by the Commandant of the Marine Corps in Marine Corps Memorandum Number 121-52. Maybe this is the policy of sea-going Marines and another point that contributes to their outstanding appearance, although I think we all agree that Marines, whether sea-going or stationed on the beach, should appear the same when wearing the same uniform.

The point I'd like to make clear is

Corps I was issued a set of "782" gear and told to wash same and keep clean. This I did for almost four years. At that time I received word from the "Top" that we would no longer wash "782" gear. This lasted for about three



that several of the men at this command have been reprimanded for shining the tie clasp, although it appears that our sea-going Marines are taught to shine them.

In closing, I'd like to take this opportunity to congratulate you and your staff on your continuous publication of a very fine magazine.

MSgt. James L. Barnes
Marine Barracks, NAS
Navy #14

FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

• You're right; there are no regulations which authorize shiny tie clasps. We're inclined to believe that the gleam on Wild Bill's clasp was caused by our photographer's flash bulb.—Ed.

KOREAN SERVICE MEDAL

Dear Sir:

While on R&R in Japan we discovered that the battle hardened Third Marine Division wears the same ribbons as the pick-swinging First Division. Do they rate the Korean Ribbon, if so, how did they earn it?

Sgt. Fred Kombers
W-3-7, 1st Marine Division,
FPO, San Francisco, Calif.



• The Third Marine Division earned the Korean Service Medal and the United Nations Service Medal for being in direct support of the First Marine Division. For further information concerning authority for the awards, see Ltr from Commander Naval Forces, Far East; to Commanding General, Third Marine Division; dated 26 September, 1953.—Ed.

MARINE CORPS RING

Dear Sir:

About a year ago I saw Marine Corps jewelry advertised in your magazine, the *Leatherneck*. Among the items advertised was a Marine Corps Ring



On A Dull Detail? Treat yourself to lively-flavored WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM

It's a good way to give yourself a "break" while working! Helps make work go faster because it really satisfies your yen for "something good," and the pleasant chewing freshens your

taste, moistens mouth and throat—even gives you a bit of a lift! Enjoy some Wrigley's Spearmint Gum today. Pick up a pack next trip to the PX.

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PACK
IN YOUR
POCKET



AH 63

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FIRED BY .14 MG. POWDER CHARGE

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Please send . . . Kruger pistols, \$3 each
Payment of \$. . . enclosed (No C.O.D.'s)

NAME CITY
ADDRESS STATE

SOUND OFF (cont.)

with a Fraternal emblem on the stone. Could you tell me where I could purchase a ring of the type described? Any information you might give me will be greatly appreciated since I want to get one for my son who is in the Marine Corps.

Joseph J. Wenninger
307 Schanck Ave.,
Pen Argyl, Pa.

● We suggest you write to the Marine Corps League, National Headquarters, Old State Capitol Building, Baton Rouge, La. for information about the ring.—Ed.

GENERAL DISCHARGE

Dear Sir:

In reference to your editorial comment under the letter "General Discharge" in the Sound Off column of the January, 1954 issue, I wish to take exception to the following remark: "Both an Honorable Discharge and a General Discharge are something to be proud of." Could it be that some ill-advised person wrote this and that it passed the editor's desk unnoticed, or is it the case that our sense of values are slowly being lowered to fit the mediocre and unfit?

A General Discharge, which is a Discharge Under Honorable *Conditions*, is certainly nothing to be proud of since it is only one step above a puni-

tive or undesirable administrative discharge. How can anyone with a proper sense of values be proud of a discharge that reflects anything less than excellent conduct, proficiency and character?

A discharge Under Honorable *Conditions* is presented to a Marine upon the expiration of his enlistment when his final average in conduct has been less than 4.0 and his proficiency markings average less than 5, or who has been convicted by General Court Martial, or who has been convicted more than once by Special Court Martial.



An analysis of the conduct markings and proficiency markings will reveal that a person whose conduct markings average less than 4.0 has been or is a person of questionable character, who demonstrated during his enlistment that he was not a good morale influence, reliable, sober, obedient, and industrious Marine. Further, an average of less than 5 in proficiency indicates that an individual has performed his duties consistently below average for men of his rank. Such a consistent low mark-

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An Official Watch Swiss Federal Railways

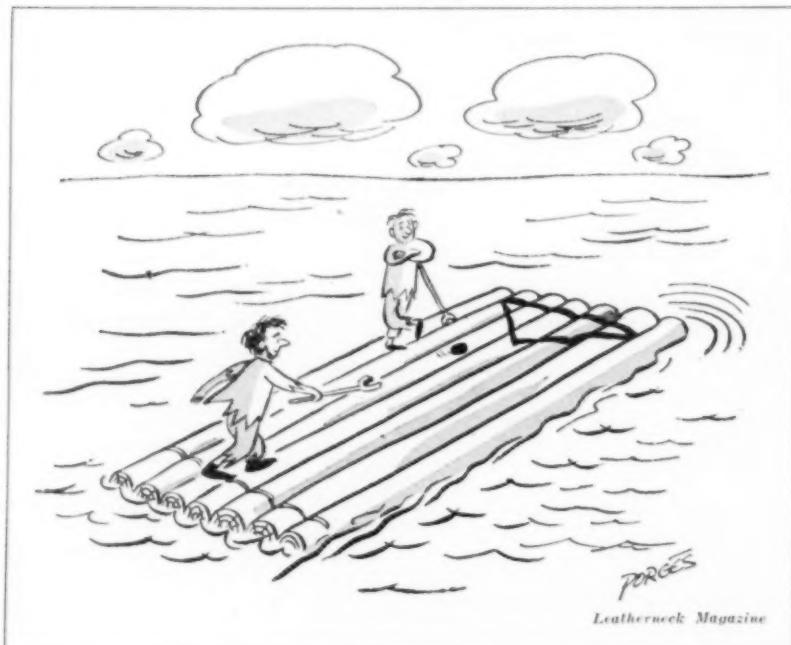
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than all others combined.

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ing further indicates a lack of leadership ability for his rank or lack of physical fitness which an individual may have no control over. However, it is highly unlikely that one's physical fitness will ever dictate the type of discharge to be awarded on expiration of his enlistment.

Conviction by a General Court Martial, or more than one Special Court Martial may indicate a number of things, some of which could be maladjustment, irresponsibility, lack of discipline, or in some cases a lack of character, integrity, honesty, trustworthiness or dependability. In some exceptional cases, it might also indicate an incorrigible or rebellious attitude. Each individual case should be judged on its own merits.

While you did provide some explanation as to the difference in the two types of discharges, I feel that you were in error and should have stated that a Marine can be proud *only* of an Honorable Discharge which denotes excellent service and proficiency in the performance of duty. No Marine should ever be given to believe that he can be proud of a General Discharge.

Captain M. D. Gardner
Officer-in-Charge
Instructor's School
Marine Corps Recruit Depot,
San Diego, Calif.

● The quote to which you refer was taken from *Armed Forces Talk* #288 released by the Office of The Secretary of Defense. To better explain our stand, we quote further: "Both an honorable discharge and a general discharge are something to be proud of . . . the man or woman who possesses either can claim all veterans' rights and privileges under Federal and State Law.

"The general discharge indicates that the serviceman's record has been satisfactory—that he has been discharged in good standing and under completely honorable conditions . . .

"In short, the general discharge is commendable in every way, but the honorable discharge is better—one of the most valuable possessions the veteran can take with him from any of the Services."—Ed.

WANTS TO JOIN VFW

Dear Sir:

Would you please furnish me with the following information: I would like to know if I am eligible to join the VFW? I served in the Marines from Feb. 12, 1945, to Feb. 28, 1947. I served at Kodiak, Alaska, from December 13, 1945, to June 9, 1946, and from then on to Jan. 7, 1947. I was

Be WISE About KING SIZE

Ask yourself... Do you have all
this with your present cigarette?

- Clean, fresh taste after smoking
- Full enjoyment of food
- Freedom from cigarette cough
- Mouth and throat comfort
- All day smoking enjoyment

If you answer "NO" to ANY of these questions—

IT'S TIME TO CHANGE TO PHILIP MORRIS!

 CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

KING-SIZE
or
REGULAR!



"Lock the door, Mabel, the Marines have landed!"

Leatherneck Magazine



The Old Gunnery says...

NEXT TO FIGHTIN', the most important thing we do in this Marine Corps is teach—or be taught and learn. Sometimes, though, we get a lot of teaching, but we don't do much learning. Why is that? How many of you can think of times that you sat through long boring periods of instruction and then shoved off knowing you hadn't learned much—if anything? Of course, we all have! Is that because in our training we have a lot of dull or difficult military subjects to learn? No, I think not. There's an old saying, 'There are no dull subjects—just dull instructors.'

"You know most everything we do in our training can be interesting if the instructor knows his stuff, prepares it well and uses a little imagination. All of us face the problem of having to instruct at one time or another—especially you NCOs—so all of us should consider what we can do to become more effective instructors. Instruction and sensible training are the basis of the Corps' combat readiness.

"Well, I'm gonna mention a couple of things that you NCOs, you men doing the instructing around here, gotta keep in mind in order to do your jobs as instructors.

"First you gotta realize that it takes more than just getting a loud-mouthed instructor with a few ideas in his head, or a few facts on his tongue, and a gang of students all together in the same place before we can say there has been some teaching. The students have to *learn* something before the instructor can secure and shove off with the idea that he has taught his men something. We aren't teaching unless our men are really learning.

"Now, since the student is the guy who does the learning—he's the one in control of the process. We can't just open our mouths and expect him to start learning all the dope we're putting out.

"We gotta get him started learning. To do this we gotta give some good reasons why this instruction is important. Tell the student why he needs to learn the subject. By that I don't mean that you say to the students, 'Keep quiet and learn this dope or I'll take you out behind the barracks and clobber you around the head and shoulders.' No! you gotta explain why this material is important in terms of the individual's efficiency, safety, health, increased knowledge and unit performance. Tell how this instruction is related to other training. Explain why this instruction is important.

"Then in order to help characters learn this dope just as fast and easily as possible you gotta present the instruction in a logical manner. Figure out the best way to teach the subject. If you're gonna teach the pistol, don't plan to stand up and talk about it all day. Let the students have pistols to work on. Help 'em to learn about the pistol by *doing* something with it. In other words, figure the best way to make the students learn easily.

"Also you should not try and teach too much all at one time. Don't try and teach all you know or everything

there is to know about the subject. Remember, in all our training we have a tremendous amount of military information to get across—and it's getting more complicated all the time. We just don't have time to teach anything but the facts and skills and information which is really necessary for us to do our jobs. Ask yourselves each time you prepare to instruct: 'What do these men *NEED* to know about *THIS* subject? The answer to that question will help prevent you from wasting your time or the students' time.

"All good NCOs and instructors should be concerned about the progress the outfit is making in its training. All of our training, all of our instruction has a goal. It should be combat readiness, or combat efficiency. We have a lot of related intermediate objectives such as: military appearance and conduct, physical fitness, weapons skills, teamwork, staff efficiency—and other things. We instructors should constantly try to determine how the men are progressing toward these goals. We can do this by observing individual and unit conduct, talking with the troops to see if they understand what they are doing, asking questions of the men and then, of course, we can sometimes use examinations or discussions. We should always be checking to see if the outfit is really learning. That's the best way, also, to find out how we're doing as instructors.

"When you observe some 'knot head' fail to salute only a couple of hours after you have held school on Customs and Courtesies—then you can figure that maybe you're a knot head, too. Your student didn't *learn*!

"Real, worthwhile training is hard work. Most of the hard work falls on the instructors. The instructor has gotta realize that he is responsible for the learning the student does—and that calls for more than just standing up in front of the outfit and sounding off!"

END



Behind the lines...

FOR YEARS ANGLERS have held fast out for the accepted hook, line and sinker method of fishing, but the article, "Underwater Hunt," beginning on page 40 is a convincing argument for game fishing with a spear. It's easy, according to the author, Major John F. Bolt, the Marine Corps' first jet ace; instead of waiting for the fish to nibble your bait, you go down after them and shoot them with a spear.

Although, in his article, the Major casually waves off the dangers of this sport, he admitted to one narrow escape. However, the spot in which he found himself was the result of deliberate action, and cannot actually be attributed to spear fishing. Bolt, a quiet-spoken, unassuming MIG killer, tells the story briefly. The Major and a friend sighted a

school of barracudas off Panama City. Without a second thought, they put on their goggles and flippers and dived in.

"I had a good shot at one of them," said the Major, "but I missed. I guess it scared them; the whole school took off and we lost sight of them. Now, when I think about it, I realize that it was a rather foolish thing to do."

Which proves that the spear fisherman can make the sport as exciting as he likes.

After World War II we discovered that a number of discharged Marines

became New York patrolmen; more recently we found a new crop of ex-Marines taking examinations to enter Joe Friday's alma mater, the Los Angeles Police Academy. Master Sergeant Steven Marcus, staff writer, and Technical Sergeant Charles Tyler, staff photographer, checked on the LA cop boot camp. Their report starts on page 20.

The Marcus-Tyler team has been busy this month. On page 28 you'll find the story and photos of their unusual discovery—the fulfillment of an ideal way of life everyone dreams about. The *Sea Urchin* is an article about a Marine and his wife—and the boat which will take them

on a carefree cruise. Steve Marcus doesn't deny that he considered stowing away for the voyage, but Tyler reminded him that the Corps frowns on Master Sergeants who shove off without leave papers for pleasure trips around the world.

When the art department started digging out old photos and giving them crazy captions we hoped our readers would pick up the idea and think up a few of their own. The response to the first *Crazy Caption Contest* has been a daily deluge of the craziest captions we ever saw. Hundreds poured in, and the selection of a winner was not an easy task. You'll find our choice for "the craziest" on page 54.

Recently, First Lieutenant Leonard Deden, and Master Sergeant William Mitchell, on leave from Argentia, Newfoundland, dropped in to tell us about a moose hunt. The score—three men, four bullets, three dead moose—was worth a story. The details are on pages 48 and 49.



When a battalion of Marines participated in Operation Comeback, the release of Anti-Communist POWs captured by UN forces in Korea, Master Sergeant Roy Heinecke, staff correspondent, and Master Sergeant "J" "W" Richardson, staff photographer, went along on the three-week tour of duty. The mission: escort 14,500 Chinese non-repatriated prisoners of war from Inchon to Chiang Kai-shek's island bastion of Formosa. Sixteen American LSTs would provide the transportation; 16 Marine teams would provide the escort. Heinecke and Richardson provided the coverage which starts on page 44.

And . . .

In this month of April, there's a religious holiday; its significance should not be lost in a Fifth Avenue parade of finery or the bickerings of a Cold War . . .

Karl A. Schow

Managing Editor

Royal Performance

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MEN**

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FOR THE
MAN WHO
COMMANDS
LIFE'S FINEST

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START THE DAY

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Leatherneck receives many letters requesting information concerning members of the Marine Corps, and other branches of the service. Condensations of these letters are published in this column as a service to our readers.

To avoid errors, all names and addresses must be printed or typed.

Mrs. E. V. Stocker, 524 S. Ferry, Ottumwa, Iowa, to hear from Marine Carl L. STOCKER.

SSgt. C. Burke, Ord. Maint. Co., 2d Ord. Bn., Second Marine Division, FMF, Camp Lejeune, N. C., to hear from SSgt. R. C. PAWSEY or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

Mrs. C. H. Christian, 213 First Ave., Albany, Ga., to hear from anyone having information concerning her son, Pfc Darrell T. HENDRICKS, reported MIA March 26, 1953, while serving with Wpns. Co., 2d Bn., 5th Marines, First Marine Division. She especially wishes to contact Cpl. Donald O. CROWDER, Pfc Samuel J. ARMSTRONG, Joseph BRITT, Jr., Richard L. OVEN, Cpl. Jimmy E. LACY and Corpsman Thomas WADDILL.

SSgt. Philip A. Calvert, Marine Corps Recruiting Sub-Station, P. O. Bldg., White Plains, N. Y., to hear from SSgt. Ted BESSAR and Sgt. Larry BROM. He also wishes to contact anyone who served with "F" Co., 2d Bn., 5th Marines, First Marine Division in Korea during 1950 and 1951.

Stuart C. Fischer, HM3, West Coast Island Defense Unit, First Marine Division, FMF, c/o FPO San Francisco, Calif., to hear from Pfc Grace M. NORTON.

Pfc William J. Oporowski, H&S Co., 3d Bn., 1st Marines, First Marine Division, FMF, c/o FPO San Francisco, Calif., to hear from Marine Daniel G. BUCKLEY.

Sgt. Robert D. Harrison, 2d RTBn., MCRD, Parris Island, S. C., to hear from Sgt. Donald PARKER.

Former Marine Donald A. Nelson, Box 1671, College Station, Pullman, Wash., to hear from Cpl. Van IDER-STINE.

Former Marine Clemence Otte, 610 Harrison St., Lynchburg, Va., to hear from anyone who served with him in the 18th Defense Bn. from July, 1943, to Nov., 1945.

Pfc Millard L. Wilkerson, HMR-161, First Marine Air Wing, FMF, c/o FPO San Francisco, Calif., to hear from Dick HARBIN.

Former Marine Steven R. Benford, Sigma Phi Epsilon, U. of Maryland, College Park, Md., to hear from Sgt. Neal HESPRICH.

Mrs. Barbara Norton, c/o Sgt. A. D. Calogero, USMC, Northeastern Recruiting Div., Hdq., Dist. of N. Y., 346 Broadway, New York 13, N. Y., to hear from anyone having information concerning her brother, SSgt. Cornelius F. HARNEY, reported KIA Sept. 1, 1952, while serving with Wpns. Co., 1st Marines, First Marine Division.

Former WM Helen J. Blasdak, c/o USMC Recruiting Sub-Station, Fed. Bldg., Rochester, N. Y., to hear from SSgt. Dana B. ROBLEE.

TURN PAGE

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MAIL CALL (cont.)

Miss Cathy Lynch, 512 Navy Rd., San Francisco, Calif., to hear from Sgt. Phil KIRBY or anyone who knows his whereabouts.

Mr. Roy Darden, 805 N. 12th St., Nashville, Tenn., to hear from anyone having information concerning his son, Roy DARDEN, Jr., who reportedly died in the hands of the enemy Dec. 10, 1950. He was originally reported MIA Nov. 29, 1950, while serving with an MP unit of the First Marine Division.

SSgt. Jesse T. Coffman, Wpns. Trn. Bn., MCRD, San Diego, Calif., to hear from Glen C. BOUCK or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

Mrs. Edward Birch, c/o Richard Adams, Westport, Ind., to hear from Cpl. C. W. (Bill) MOORE.

Miss Katherine Speed, Box No. 142, Orient, Iowa, to hear from Cpl. Harold A. (Salty) SALTZMAN.

Mr. R. Thompson, 177 Cochran Place, Valley Stream, N. Y., to hear from Pfc Kenneth MAC SISEENEY of Detroit.

SSgt. Robert J. Shovar, Hq. Co. Eng. Secl. Bn., MCB, Camp Lejeune, N. C., to hear from TSgt. Vernon L. DASHER.

Cpl. Ward A. Shope, Wpns. Co., 2d Bn., 7th Marines, First Marine Division, FMF, c/o FPO San Francisco, Calif., to hear from Pfc Harvey LYNN.

SSgt. Raymond G. Hartman, Marine Corps Recruiting Sub-Station, Post Office Bldg., Tulsa, Okla., to hear from anyone who served with the Drum and Bugle Corps at Yokosuka, Japan, from Dec., 1949, to Sept., 1950. He especially wishes to contact Sgt. Charles A. MURRAY, Cpl. Jeff CRES- SIONIE, Pfc Phillip VIVIS, Henry SARETTE, Robert Y. GONZALES, Charles PENNIAL, PATRICK and PENCOOK.

Pfc Bobbie Bertrand, Wd. 26, U. S. Naval Hospital, Camp Pendleton, Oceanside, Calif., to hear from Sgt. Gordon A. SNEAD or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

Former Marines John J. MacDonald, 678 Dudley St., Apt. 2, Dorchester, Mass., and John R. Moorhead, 3509 Valley Rd., Jackson, Miss., to hear from Sgt. Harvey E. MOORE.

END

CORPS QUIZ

1. *The Manual for Field Musics lists _____ bugle calls.*

- (a) 33
- (b) 125
- (c) 87

2. *In the early part of the 19th Century, a Marine Second Lieutenant was paid _____ a month.*

- (a) \$17
- (b) \$25
- (c) \$33

3. *The German capture of Crete in May, 1941, led the Corps to experiment with:*

- (a) helicopters
- (b) gliders
- (c) guided missiles

4. *In 1820, a Pvt. John Graham was tried and convicted for being asleep on post. He was sentenced to:*

- (a) "one month to garrison and liquor stopped."
- (b) "be triced up on the grating."
- (c) "walk post with iron collar and balls for two months."

5. *The ground fight for Guadalcanal cost the Corps 1044 lives and the Army 550. Japanese dead on the island totaled:*

- (a) 23,800
- (b) 10,300
- (c) 18,312

6. *The rank of Commander in the Navy corresponds to _____ in the Marines.*

- (a) Lieutenant Colonel
- (b) Major
- (c) Colonel

7. *The M-1 rifle clip holds eight rounds. Oldtimers may remember that the Springfield '03 clip held _____ rounds.*

- (a) five
- (b) six
- (c) seven

8. *VMF-214, the famed "Black Sheep" squadron, downed 127 Japanese planes in WW II. It was organized and led by:*

- (a) Marion Carl
- (b) Gregory Boyington
- (c) Joseph Foss

9. *The eagle, globe and anchor emblem of the Corps was approved by the Secretary of the Navy in:*

- (a) 1868
- (b) 1897
- (c) 1912



10. *The "Cease Fire" order became effective IN KOREA on:*

- (a) July 25, 1953
- (b) July 26, 1953
- (c) July 27, 1953

See answers on page 80. Score 10 points for each correct answer; 10 to 30 Fair, 40 to 60 Good, 70 to 80 Excellent, 90 to 100 Outstanding.

SOUND OFF

[continued from page 10]

COMMENTS ON CLOTHING

Dear Sir:

Several of us here in this company are wondering about the new utility clothes and hats. How does the Marine Corps pick styles anyway? It seems to me that since the men of the Corps have to wear the clothes, they should be consulted before approval. I know that the Equipment Board at Quantico, Va., tests things before they are sent to the troops but I don't think they style them.

We are also wondering just what is wrong with the old hat? The new one looks like those railroad men wear. In fact, the new styles are not thought too much of in our company. Of course we don't expect anything to be done about it. But we thought maybe in the future uniform changes could be voted on, as to where a person could be more satisfied with the clothes he must wear and be proud of.

Since I made the statement that "looks like those railroad men wear" don't think that I don't like the way a railroader looks, it's just that I don't feel the hat is suited for Marine Corps personnel.

Pfc James N. Langford
"G" Co., 3rd Bn., 5th Marines,
First Marine Division, FMF,
FPO, San Francisco Calif.

● We forwarded your letter to the Permanent Uniform Board, HQMC, for review.—Ed.

RESERVE RETIREMENT

Dear Sir:

At the present time I am on a three year enlistment with the Marine Corps. I am due for discharge on September 12, 1954, and would appreciate it if you could render me any information on the following questions.

I am automatically obliged by law to serve five years in the reserve. My question is this: how many years reserve will I have to serve to retire and will I retire at half-pay?

Cpl. Robert E. Noe
Marine Detachment, NS,
Navy #117,
FPO, New York, N. Y.

● The only way by which you, as an enlisted member of the Marine Corps Reserve, can qualify for non-disability retirement with pay is to perform a total of 20 years of "satisfactory Federal Service."

A year of satisfactory Federal service is attained by accumulating a minimum of 50 retirement points each year. One point is awarded for each day of active duty performed and one point is awarded for the performance of each drill or period of equivalent instruction which includes correspondence course study; recruiting; public information work; giving instruction; attending Volunteer Training Unit meetings; and such other forms of training and service as may be authorized.

In addition, 15 points are awarded each year for membership. Therefore, a member must earn only 35 points per year to qualify, but as retirement pay will be based on total points accumulated, the more that are earned the more retirement pay one will receive.



After attaining 20 years of satisfactory Federal service and reaching the age of 60, the member is eligible for retirement pay. The amount of such pay is computed by adding all points credited during the period of service and dividing by 360 to reduce those points to "constructive" years, and then multiplying by 2½ percent of the rate of pay of the highest rank satisfactorily held during the entire period of his military service.

It is to be noted that only if the member's total points, when divided by 360, equals 20 or more "constructive" years, will his rate of retired pay equal 50 percent.—Ed.

DOUBLE JEOPARDY

Dear Sir:

I am curious as to the legality of penalties imposed by Camp Lejeune authorities upon Marines having committed traffic violations in the State of North Carolina.

To my knowledge, a Marine stationed at Camp Lejeune who is convicted of a traffic violation in the State of North Carolina receives at least four penalties for one violation. Example: Marine convicted of speeding:

(1) Fined by state authorities.

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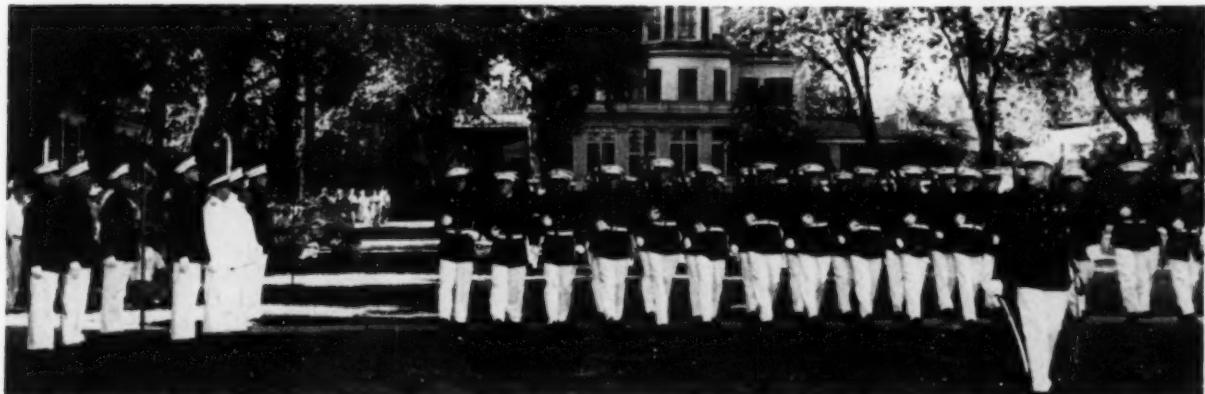


Practice makes perfect—a crack Eighth and Eye drill team steps out in dungarees and field shoes for their daily session of drill

POSTS OF THE CORPS

MARINE BARRACKS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

**The Showcase of the Corps for more than
150 years, the Washington Barracks stands
as the true story-book type Marine Post**



Highlight of the week—the Friday afternoon Sunset Parade. Visiting firemen and VIPs make a point to

be on hand for the colorful ceremony. General L. C. Shepherd reviews the parade whenever possible

ANY LETTER ADDRESSED to Headquarters Marine Corps during the first quarter century of the Corps' existence would undoubtedly have puzzled a burnsided postmaster, and after considerable deliberation it would have been returned to the sender. There was no headquarters garrison; the Marines were homeless.

It is unlikely that the Marines viewed this oversight with any disdain since they had been busily engaged over the difficult 25-year period of the Nation's early struggle. They had started their battle career at New Providence Is-

by MSgt. Edward Barnum
Leatherneck Staff Writer

Photos by
TSgt. Roland E. Armstrong
Leatherneck Staff Photographer
and USMC Photographers

land, fought with George Washington at Trenton, fired from the yardarms of John Paul Jones' ships, served on Old Ironsides and the Constellation in the undeclared war with France, and crossed the sands with Decatur to Tripoli.

But in 1800, the word was passed that a \$20,000 appropriation had been approved by President John Adams for the establishment of the first permanent Marine Corps garrison. The site was to be Washington, D. C.

The task of selecting a location for the new Marine post was given to Thomas Jefferson. The Corps' second Commandant, Lieutenant Colonel William Ward Burrows, aided Jefferson in making the final recommendation. The chosen tract of land, between the Naval Gun Factory and the Capitol, cost the Government \$6247.18—an exorbitant sum at the time. The remain-

TURN PAGE



The Measured Post, an honor awarded to the sharpest sentry of the guard, is proudly stepped off by Pfc James Coe, of Philadelphia, Pa.

MARINE BARRACKS (cont.)



der of the appropriation was to be used for the construction of barracks and a home for the Commandant.

The Commandant's house, the capital's oldest official building in use today, was not completed until two years after the compound was finished. Col. Burrows supervised the work on the house and Marines supplemented regular work crews. Bricks for the structure were molded by hand from clay dug in a nearby pit.

Per square foot, Marine Barracks, Eighth & Eye streets, S.E., Washington, D.C., is undoubtedly the smallest most unique Marine installation in the United States. A fast walk around the two and one half acre quadrangle can be completed in ten minutes.

The original compound consisted of a two-story range of brick buildings and sheds, opposite the Commandant's quarters. The Center House, flanked on both sides by low one-story buildings, occupied one side. The Post's barracks, headquarters office buildings, a stable, carriage shed, storeroom and washroom lined the other side across the mall.

The troops of the Old Corps enjoyed the luxury of a swimming pool on the grounds, but due to the expansion of the buildings during the reconstruction period, the pool disappeared. To remind the Marines that they were primarily sea-going, the hull of an old

ship was placed within the enclosure. That too has long since disappeared.

When the President and Commandant selected the Eighth and Eye site they had considered the guard duty the Marines pulled at the Naval Gun Factory, just down the street. They also wanted the garrison within walking distance of the Capitol. Today if you look down heavily congested Eighth street, past assorted pawn shops and gin mills, you can see the main gate of the Naval Gun Factory. A mile or so of dwellings and office buildings block the view of the Capitol.

Just 12 years after the inception of the post, the Corps' first home achieved its initial mark in American history. The War of 1812 found the Detachment serving with the militia in the defense of the city. The fight was a lost cause and General C. A. Ross occupied Washington with his Redcoat Army. The heavy brick buildings and the ten-foot brick wall around the Eighth and Eye compound made the place a veritable fortress. The general chose it for his headquarters. The British stabled their mounts in the Commandant's basement and reserved the upper stories for their own quarters.

During the occupation the British are believed to have unearthed the Corps' money coffer containing \$25,000. The funds had been appropriated by Congress to sustain the Marines through 1814.

One popular version of the story, told whenever history of the post is mentioned, credits two Marines with the burial of the money. When the word reached Eighth and Eye that the British broke through Washington's defense perimeter, the two sergeants who had been detailed to guard the money, cached it and left to join the fight. Perhaps for security reasons they neglected to make a map. Both men were killed the same day and the location of the

buried chest remained a mystery. Later speculation hinted that the money was buried under the Center House Mess and when this building was torn down during the 1900s, workmen were briefed on the treasure. No reports of the missing money were made to the foreman.

The treasure hunt has long since been abandoned and today the quarters of Major General W. P. T. Hill, Quartermaster General of the Marine Corps, occupy the location of the Old Center House Mess.

Headquarters Marine Corps continued to occupy the Eighth and Eye site until 1901 when it moved into downtown Washington. An appropriation of \$300,000 was made for the renovation of the original barracks and a slow reconstruction period began. The plans for the rebuilding of the post followed the original layout and today the his-



Colonel James P. Berkeley,
Barracks Commanding Officer

toric Eighth and Eye Barracks retain their early design and appearance.

A bird's-eye view of the post today finds the Commandant's quarters in the same location. Large three-story buildings, referred to as "General's Row," have replaced the low buildings which had flanked the Center House. As in the original rectangle, the barracks and offices occupy the east side of the parade ground; the band hall and guard house line the south side.

Stately trees border the parade ground and hundreds of sparrows make the compound their home. Ground rules



Stately trees embellish the mall before "General's Row," traditional residence of the Commandant's

Staff. The spacious, modern brick buildings were erected on the site of the Old Center House Mess

at Eighth and Eye are strict and the turf on the parade ground is kept in perfect order. During the winter and spring seasons when the ground is soft and wet, parades and formations are held in a local armory to prevent hard heels from digging divots in the green.

Visitors to Washington find Eighth and Eye exemplary of the Marine Corps as the public imagines it. When the entire barracks turns out for the Friday afternoon Sunset Parade the result is an inspiring, colorful ceremony. Visiting dignitaries, both local and foreign, are fortunate when they are honored by a review at Eighth and Eye.

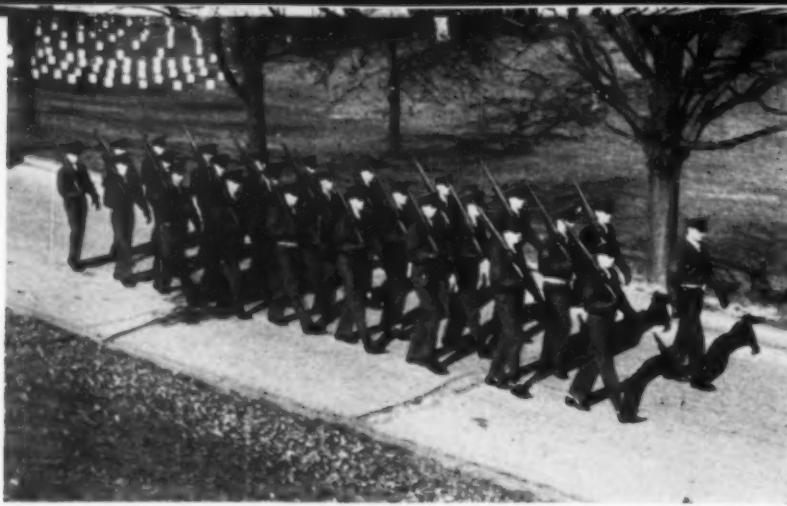
Of the three separate units maintained on the post, the United States Marine Band is the oldest resident. The first elements of the "President's Own" moved in during the year 1801, and the Band Barracks still occupies the same corner of the post. Today, this building contains the band's administrative offices, practice rooms, music library and instrument repair shops. The unusual hours and duties of the bandsmen make it advisable for them to live ashore on special quarters and subsistence allowances.

Here at Eighth and Eye John Philip Sousa, for many years the leader of this unit, composed many of his military marches. Lieutenant Colonel William F. Santelmann, the present leader, began the study of music at the age of six, under the tutelage of his father, then the Marine Band leader. The younger Santelmann entered the organization in 1923 and became second leader in 1935. In 1940, Taylor Branson, to whom his father had handed the baton, retired; Santelmann then assumed leadership.

The Marine Corps Institute, headquarters for the Corps' remote control courses, is the second separate unit



The Commandant and Mrs. Shepherd enjoy a few moments of leisure in the library of their historic 150-year-old residence at Eighth & Eye



Ceremonial troops are called upon regularly to provide funeral details for deceased Naval personnel interred at Arlington National Cemetery



Like most oldtimers, these key personnel at Marine Barracks, Eighth and Eye, like to swig a cup of joe before they turn to in the morning



Time out for a cool one after work. Sgt. Maj. Mike Knott holds a bit of palaver in the Washington Barracks' beer garden and snack shop

MARINE BARRACKS (cont.)



quartered on the post. Until a year ago, the entire school system was located there but space limitations forced the unit to move the school section to the Naval Gun Factory. Unlike the band, the MCI troops live at Eighth and Eye. The Women Marines who are attached to the Institute are quartered at Henderson Hall, across the Potomac, in Arlington, Va., and commute daily by bus.

The third and undoubtedly the most active unit on the post is the Barracks Detachment. Within their ranks you will find some of the sharpest, best dressed and most outstanding parade ground soldiers in the Marine Corps. Included in the Barracks Detachment are the Marine Corps Color Guard, the Marine Corps Drum and Bugle Corps and the Marine Corps Drill Team. These troops are considered the Special Duty Platoon. They are required to perform their regular duties in addition to their specialties, and when a ceremonial occasion in Washington requires the participation of Marine Corps personnel, they represent the Corps—at its finest.

If a ceremony requires more men than the Detachment can provide, Marines from the Institute are called upon for assistance. Because of the high standards set by the Detachment people in their training and dress, the Institute must, in addition to their regular paper work, keep up with the spit and polish techniques of the regular troops.

Standards are high for Marines reporting into Eighth and Eye. The height requirement is a minimum of five feet 10 inches; importance is placed on a good physical appearance; it must not be necessary for the man to wear glasses while in ranks. In addition to the strict physical requirements, an applicant for duty must also be psychologically adaptable to the rigorous routine carried out at the Washington Barracks. At the present time, men assigned duty at this post are ordered to Headquarters Marine Corps where they are screened by an officer prior to final assignment.

A man reporting into this outfit experiences a procedure unlike anything in the Marine Corps today. He finds a storybook type Marine post

where everything is done according to "The Book." When the new arrival reports in to the Detachment First Sergeant, the first detail is a uniform check. Additional dress uniforms are issued, including white duck trousers which are worn during the summer months. A correct fit is ensured by the Post Tailor; uniforms are not "cut down," but correctly tailored to fit the individual man. Shoes worn by the troops, including all officers in the Barracks Detachment, are given special consideration. Double soles and heels with metal inserts are suggested. The remodeling of footgear is not an order but it is encouraged. The traditional Marine spit-shine achieves the ultimate and sides of the heels of the shoes worn at Eighth and Eye glisten brighter than shoe toes at many posts.

After the uniform requirements are squared away, the man learns that he will be standing the usual guard company routine; port and starboard watches are the order of the day and every other week end liberty prevails. This duty is additional to his training with the parade ground troops.

Tradition and history of the post is instilled in every new man. He finds that every movement on the post has a meaning. Some posts have different regulations; Post Number Eight is the "measured post." When the weather permits, the Officer of the Day instructs the guard to mount the post

at the gate during the hours of 1200 to 1300 and 1630 to 1730. Since this is considered an honorary post, the sharpest man on watch gets the nod. Armed with a rifle and fixed bayonet he steps the measured 10 paces and comes to a halt. A fixed count is made and he comes to the order. Another fixed count and he does an about face, shoulders the rifle and makes his return trip. In the age old manner of sentries the Marine comes to port arms for every automobile and pedestrian passing through the formidable iron gate. He presents arms for every officer.

In addition to funeral details for Marines and Naval personnel, the men at Eighth and Eye also participate in parades, act as honor guards for visiting VIPs, and appear at official functions. When civic organizations request the Marine Color Guard, they usually receive an affirmative answer.

One of the honors awarded the official Color Guard is its presence at the monthly Naturalization Ceremony which takes place in the District of Columbia. The only colors present are those of the Corps' Color Guard.

Marines at the Washington Barracks draw the assignment as security guards for the President of the United States when he spends time at the presidential retreat, Camp David, approximately 80 miles from the Capitol. In view of

(continued on page 73)



A Music of the Guard sounds the ship's bell, the traditional Naval timepiece. The bell is from the USS Smedley Butler

◀ A visit to 1600 Pennsylvania Ave. is a must at least once during a tour of duty at the Washington Barracks, 8th & I



Former Marine John F. Florian practices the accepted police technique of frisking a suspect



James C. Newell, another former Marine, gets his first crime detection lesson. "Corpse" wears syrup

and Reising guns. Trainees undergo daily weapons practice during the entire 13 weeks at the academy



Students, acting the part of a mob, are dispersed by a tear gas attack. Academy courses include classroom instruction and practical field application



POLICE ACADEMY, L.A.

by MSgt. Steven Marcus
Leatherneck Staff Writer

A well-trained police force requires a vast and coordinated program for embryo law enforcers

WHEN SENATOR ESTES Kefauver's Senate crime investigating committee set up shop in the Los Angeles area it was a quiet, business-like occasion. Unlike similar investigations in other cities, newspaper headlines failed to disclose the usual stories of graft, crime and corruption. As the committee left the city, they told the press that Los Angeles was one of the cleanest, best managed cities they have visited.

Credit for this enviable record belongs, in part, to the thousands of employees who administer to the city's needs and to the more than two-million inhabitants who live in the sprawling Los Angeles area. But to a group of 4228 men and women the Kefauver committee report was a matter of personal business pride. For this group is the police force of Los Angeles—a city whose methods of preserving law and order are rapidly becoming the standard of American police procedure.

But a well-trained police force doesn't just happen. Training of new

policemen, refresher courses for the older ones, and specialized training in the many facets of law enforcement require an extensive and coordinated program. Such a program has been in effect in the City of Angels since 1937 at the Los Angeles Police Academy. And this establishment, now recognized as the nation's foremost academy for the training of police officers, came into existence without cost to the Los Angeles taxpayers.

Three decades ago the art of police work was picked up haphazardly in the school of hard knocks. Law enforcement leaned heavily on the night stick and shiny police badge. Long months and years of pounding a beat brought a policeman the tenets of dealing with people, good and bad. And crime detection was reduced, in most cases, to catching the offender in the act or close to the scene of the crime.

In the summer of 1925 a group of Los Angeles policemen organized their own social club where they could relax, shoot the breeze, exchange experiences and, in general, get away

Photos by
TSgt. Charles B. Tyler
Leatherneck Staff Photographer
and Los Angeles Police Department



from it all. As a site for the club, they chose a canyon in the wilderness of what is now Elysian Park, 10 minutes removed from the heart of bustling Los Angeles. The idea of a police club proved popular with the force, and soon groups of off-duty police officers armed with hammers, saws, shovels and other tools began the construction of a target range. When the range was completed, they begged, borrowed and wheedled second-hand lumber and other building materials and erected a small club-house. Ammunition storage was provided by a small corrugated iron structure built close to the firing range.

The following year more land was leased from the Park Commission and the Los Angeles Police Revolver and Athletic Club, Inc., was filed as a non profit corporation under the laws of the State of California. Subsequent funds from the Federal Government,

TURN PAGE



Los Angeles police recruiting poster catches a Marine's eye. Cops' recruiting drives for volunteers are similar to those of the Services



First day of class is marked by swearing-in ceremonies. Trio in front are Marine veterans. Most cadets are ex-Servicemen

POLICE ACADEMY (cont.)



citizens' donations and contributions from members of the department enabled a rapid expansion of the club's facilities. The clubhouse was enlarged to include classrooms, a gymnasium, auditorium and clubrooms. Proceeds

from police benefit shows brought outdoor improvements; a rock garden was built and the grounds were landscaped with plants and trees. An outdoor swimming pool and facilities for baseball, tennis and badminton were installed. A non-profit restaurant and fountain were added in the main building, and the club became a recreational center for the entire force and their families. In addition, it continued to fulfill its initial mission of furthering the professional knowledge and skill of young police officers.

In 1937, the Board of Directors offered the complete facilities of the club, without cost or strings, to the police department for use as a training center

for law enforcement officers. The department accepted and the Los Angeles Police Academy was ready for recruits. Today, a permanent staff of 24 officers monitor every phase of modern police training—from the basic recruit fundamentals to highly specialized advance courses in criminal investigation, vice and narcotics detection. Visiting firemen from forces in other cities have journeyed to Los Angeles to observe and attend the classes, and in the past 16 years, police officers from Germany, Brazil, Korea, Japan and a dozen other countries have attended the L. A. Academy and taken home a portion of its highly successful law enforcement know-how.

Head man of the Academy is Captain Robert Houghton, a 16-year veteran of the force who has held every rank from recruit to captain, and has served in every branch of the department. His faith in modern training is reflected in his own career. Along the line, Captain Houghton has found time to continue his own education, and now holds a Master's degree in Public Administration. His top assistants are Lieutenant Louis J. Sunyich, a young aggressive officer of the new school, and Sergeant Emmet L. Jones, who is presently working on his 11th year of service.

Although the training of police recruits is not the major endeavor of the academy, the cadet training course



Police doctor checks Robert L. Simon's depth perception during pre-academy physical

is by far the roughest 13 weeks a police officer will face during his entire career on the force. Even before he sets foot on the academy grounds, he has undergone a series of investigations and examinations unparalleled in the history of American police recruitment. The bygone era with its political and inept system of police appointments has vanished from the Los Angeles scene. Today's police cadets are recruited from over the entire nation, and are selected entirely on a strict competitive basis.

After an applicant has submitted his Civil Service form and passed the preliminary tests, his background is checked. If he is from the Southern California area, teams from the Los Angeles department will talk to his former teachers, employers, and visit his friends and neighbors. An applicant who falsifies any statement in the questionnaire is disqualified. Men with a record of instability or inability to hold a job and progress normally are also eliminated. If an applicant is from another section of the country, police departments in that section cooperate in the investigation. Medical examinations further eliminate eight out of every 10 applicants. Only three percent of the would-be policemen make the grade and report to the academy for cadet training. And even here, they find that the weeding-out process is far from over. Of the survivors, more than 90 percent are veterans of World War II and Korea; a sizeable percentage are former Marines.

The neophyte police officer encounters the recruit pledge early in the game . . . " . . . to defend the right, protect the weak, aid the distressed and uphold the law in public and private life . . ." This pledge will remain with him through his entire police career, from the day he is handed his badge to the time when he turns it in and is placed on the retired list. A Los Angeles police cadet is taught that instead of having special privileges as a member of the force, a policeman forsakes many of his rights as a private citizen. The police code of ethics goes far beyond the limitations imposed by any private employer, and any conduct unbecoming a member of the force, even though committed while off duty, will bring swift and sometimes unfortunate results. The oath and all police training are patterned after one end result: In his chosen profession, a policeman will encounter every pattern of behavior the human mind can conceive—violence, death, cruelty, hate, perjury—and he must be prepared to meet them all with knowledge and understanding rather than brute strength.

The 13-week cadet course is patterned closely on the concept of mili-



Sergeant Walter Stark and Officer Joseph Blackford instruct police cadettes at one of the L. A. academy ranges. Women are good shots

tary training—with one minor exception. Here there is no hurry-up-and-wait routine. The entire cadet curriculum has been carefully planned for each class well in advance. The moves from class to class, from the pistol range to the obstacle course, and from demonstration to demonstration are accomplished with a minimum loss of time. The harried and at times unhappy cadets are constantly under pressure, and if we had heard the characteristic D. I. greeting, "All right, you people, mooooo!" we could have imagined that the entire set-up had been transported back to a Parris Island drill field.

The military principles of physical fitness have been incorporated throughout the cadet training schedule. Periods of boxing, swimming, jiu-jitsu, judo, wrestling and prolonged sessions of calisthenics are coupled with frequent drill periods to keep the cadets from developing a classroom spread. Handling of mobs and control of civil disturbances are classroom subjects, but when moved out of doors, they take on a realistic physical aspect. Half of the class acts as an unruly mob, while the other half moves in to subdue it. The exercise becomes a bit grim as the instructors let loose a small cloud of tear gas on the struggling students; winners and losers both emerge from the melee red-eyed but wiser.

Classroom instruction at the academy is a far cry from teaching methods of 10 years ago. Charts, models, over-

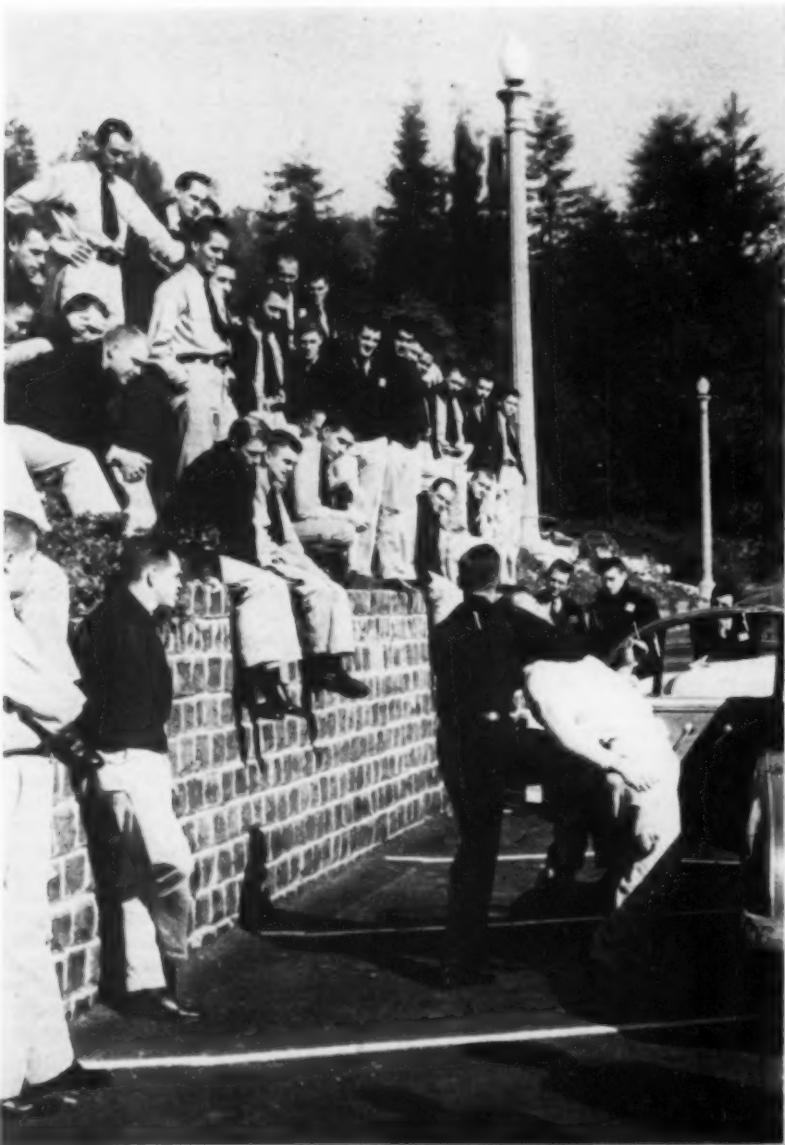
head visual casts and visual aids of all types are used whenever possible. Film strips and sound films are frequently employed to give the class a first-hand view into a segment of law enforcement that would otherwise be a dull subject for word of mouth instruction. Each instructor at the academy is required to constantly evaluate and improve the courses he teaches, and if necessity arises, he must be able to step in as an alternate for any of the other instructors. Specialized subjects, such as Municipal Law, Social and Human Relations, Vice Control and Juvenile Law, are taught by civilians and experts brought in from other departments. To keep the academy agenda abreast of the times, one man from the training division is assigned the full time job of research with an eye to improving the material and scope of the courses. And as a final assurance of efficiency, all instructors attend an instructors school where they learn and review the military fundamentals of teaching, preparation of lesson plans, application and testing.

Weapons training is one of the most thorough facets of instruction at the academy. Cadets fire every day of their 13 weeks at the academy, and expend well over 2000 rounds during their training. Every man becomes an expert in the use of shotguns, carbines, Tommy guns, Reising guns and the standard police pistol. The greater part of the training is with the pistol, and for the Los Angeles police, pistol

TURN PAGE



At the academy in Elysian Park, would-be cops take turns running obstacle course. Despite modest police pay, recruits are numerous



POLICE ACADEMY (cont.)



training never ends. Each officer is required to requalify with the pistol each month of the year. Failure to requalify over a given period can even bring about a suspension from the force.

Training in firearms falls into two categories. The cadets are first taught when *not* to shoot. They are thoroughly indoctrinated in range, penetrating and ricochet characteristics. Particular attention is paid to the recognition of the danger to innocent bystanders. They are taught the use of the nightstick—now referred to in police circles as a baton—as an offensive and defensive weapon; the use of firearms is avoided whenever possible. By the time a recruit is ready for graduation, he is a deadly, quick-draw artist; he can fire from any stance and can pop a load of .38 caliber lead into any target with an amazing degree of accuracy. Among that segment of the population who have frequent, unpleasant dealings with the department, it is considered foolhardy to offer any resistance when the business end of a police revolver is pointed in their direction.

Weapons training at the academy is under the direction of Sergeant Walter R. Stark, a long-time pistol expert and holder of more than 600 individual shooting awards. As a member of the famous Los Angeles Police Pistol Team, Stark has competed in national and

(continued on page 62)



◆ Rookies get lowdown on how to handle a tipsy belligerent. All phases of police work are encompassed in the curriculum

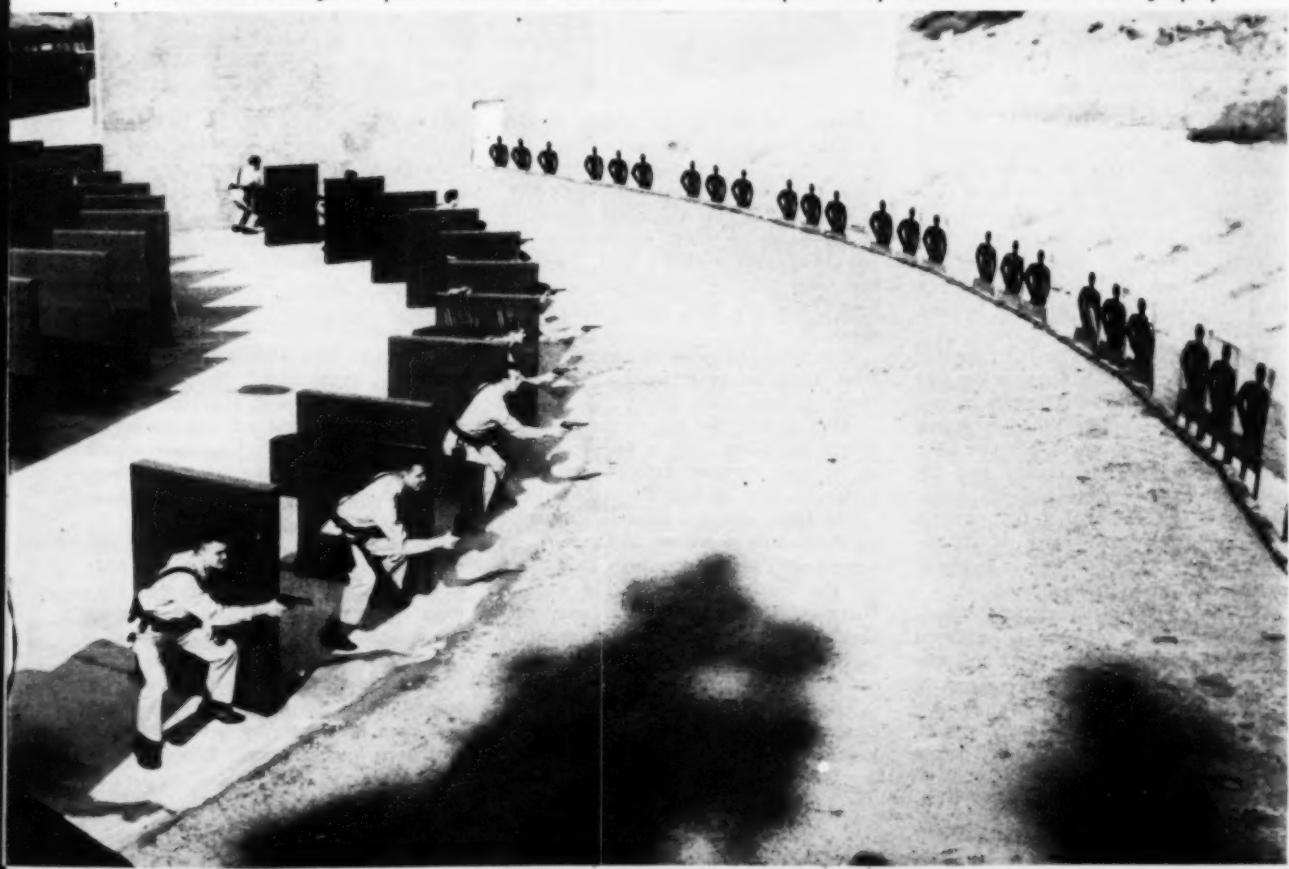


An instructor shows a cadet how to use the baton on "Alley Oop," academy dummy. A policeman and

his billy are inseparable. Armed with this weapon, cops can subdue lawbreakers with a single blow

Cadets fire at hydraulically operated targets on the new combat range. In split second before silhouettes

appear, men are told which target to shoot. Other two represent bystanders in the simulated gunplay





NOBODY FIGURED Second Lieutenant Sweeney would ever open his peepers again after his tin hat was dented by a 105-mm. shell, Sweeney being underneath the helmet at the time. Second lieutenants sometimes seem hardheaded, Drum decided, but how hard can a head be? Any rate, it was one helluva time for it to happen.

The 1st Platoon had been strung out in front of the MLR, crouching low and listening to the artillery barrage whine and whistle overhead. Word to attack had not yet been passed, but the guns were softening up the enemy and the platoon would be moving out soon. The shell that clobbered the platoon leader, though, didn't whine or whistle. It only made a funny *clunk* as it kissed off the side of Sweeney's head.

Drum was dug in closest to the lieutenant and, by chance, he glanced around at the precise moment and saw the unnatural way Sweeney sagged to the ground from a kneeling crouch. Something was screwy. Drum was on his feet bellowing, "Corpsman!" before

Sweeney hit the deck. Quick strides brought him to the prostrate figure, but before he could no more than turn the lieutenant over, the doc was beside him.

Then Drum saw the shell imbedded in the deck. A short round from the out-going express—but a dud. Sweeney had used up a generous ration of his Irish luck on this one. No doubt about it.

Men were beginning to gather 'round. "Get back to your positions," Drum shouted, "and stay there!"

"He's alive," the doc said. "Unconscious, but alive. There doesn't appear to be any serious damage but we'd better get him back to the aid station."

The three platoon runners advanced on the double in answer to Drum's arm signals. "Two of you help Doc, here, get the lieutenant to the aid station. Renshaw, hotfoot it back and find Cap'n Roper. Tell him we're minus a platoon leader, and ask him what his orders are."

The softening-up fire was still in progress when Renshaw returned, followed by a machine gun section. "Cap-

tain says there'll be another 10 minutes artillery fire—seven minutes and 44 seconds, to be exact," the runner said, looking at the sweep second hand on his watch. "Then you're to attack."

Drum drew a map from the canvas case he had removed from Lieutenant Sweeney. "What's our objective?" he asked.

The runner looked at the map, traced the contour lines with a finger. "This hill . . . right here," Renshaw said. "Captain Roper says the time-table's already been worked out and we got to move up. If we don't, the whole attack might fizz. When we get in position, the machine guns'll lay down our base of fire."

"Let's see," the platoon sergeant cut in. "Over here on the left we got Able Company. On the right, the 2nd Platoon. Get the squad leaders here on the double."

Renshaw moved off and Drum wiped a dungaree sleeve across his brow. He was thankful for the groundwork which had been accomplished before Sweeney had been knocked out. When the 1st



ADVANCE!

by TSgt. Robert A. Suhosky

Leatherneck Staff Writer

Platoon had left the reserve and relieved the 3rd on the lines, Sweeney had ordered a reconnaissance of the ground to the immediate front in anticipation of the command to attack. It was a wise move. When you get the word to strike, there's very little time to reconnoiter and issue proper orders. Today's patrol had revealed a small rise 200 yards ahead. A good spot to set up a base of fire.

Price, Jeffries and Wrigley, the squad leaders, arrived. Drum laid out a verbal blueprint of the situation and quickly assigned the 2nd and 3rd Squads to the assault. On a small scale, the maneuver stacked up as a pincers envelopment, with one squad hitting from either flank. Price's unit would hang back with the machine gunners. When the attacking squads were in position for the final assault on the enemy, each would launch a red smoke streamer. A green smoke streamer from Drum would halt the covering fire and signal the 2nd and 3rd Squads to move out. The plan was clear to all hands.

"Make sure each of your men know what's going on," Drum told the squad leaders. "After all, they've got a personal interest in this deal."

"How do we know when the artillery will lift?" Price wanted to know.

"Almost slipped my mind," Drum admitted. "The Skipper'll send up a green star cluster to give us the go-ahead. One point you might bring up to your troops is that an artillery barrage can be very effective, but don't start thinking that the big guns have cleared the area of enemy. You must still use your fire power and maneuvering when you advance. Any questions?"

"Guess we better saddle up right now, huh?" Wrigley asked.

"Yeah," Drum returned slowly, "I guess so."

Johnson and Wade, the two runners who had helped carry Lieutenant Sweeney back to the aid station, returned. Sweeney would be all right, probably back with the unit in less than 24 hours. He could come back this second, Drum thought, and it'd be fine by me. He caught the signals from the squad leaders; everything was ready. The platoon began to edge forward slowly and was more than half-way to the proposed base of fire when the green star flare arched through the sky.

Intermittent chatter from the machine guns replaced the thumping sound of artillery. Jeffries and Wrigley deployed their squads to the flanks and jockeyed into position, ready to advance by use of fire and maneuver. Drum was stretched out on the ground between the machine guns, craning his bull neck in an unsuccessful attempt to watch the progress of the two units. A red streamer shot skyward from somewhere on his right; Wrigley was ready. Where the hell was Jeffries?

Wade, the runner from Jeffries' 2nd Squad, plopped down in the dirt beside Drum. Between deep gulps of air, he told Drum, "We've lost physical contact with Able Company. Jeff wants t'know, what t'do?"

Drum thought of all the places he'd prefer to be at the moment. But he wasn't the first person faced with the proposition of what to do when physical contact on the flank was lost. Quickly he thrashed pro and con ideas through his head. Quit the advance now, and it'll hold up the entire line.

Once you stop, it's difficult to regain your momentum. Take your objective, then worry about contact on your flank.

"We're attacking as planned. Tell Jeffries to let me know when he's ready," Drum said. The decision was made; he'd rehash it later. A red streamer rose over Jeffries' area. On a nod from Drum, Price fitted a green smoke missile over a grenade launcher and lobbed it toward the enemy. The attack entered the assault phase as the Marines rushed to close with the enemy.

Under Drum's skillful handling, the 1st Platoon functioned smoothly and executed the final steps of the drive without excessive strain. They advanced through the enemy position, chased the foe with well-aimed fire, threw up a hasty defense, mopped-up and reorganized.

It was almost twilight when Captain Roper, Baker Company's commanding officer, and Lieutenant Sweeney came up on the lines. Sweeney was grinning and wearing a new helmet.

"Sergeant," the Old Man began, "you handled today's situation with excellent judgment."

"Drum," the lieutenant took over, "how would you like a commission? We want to recommend you for one."

The platoon sergeant eyed both of them for a moment, kicked a clump of grass with the toe of his boondocker and smiled as he answered. "Thanks, Lieutenant. But I don't think I could take that commission."

"Why not?" Sweeney almost shouted. "Because," Drum said, "I haven't got a hard enough head."

The lieutenant laughed. "Sometimes a hard head comes in handy," he said.

END

THE SEA URCHIN

by MSgt Steven Marcus
Leatherneck Staff Writer

Photos by

TSgt. Charles B. Tyler
Leatherneck Staff Photographer



An ex-Marine sergeant promotes himself to captain of a thirty-foot sailboat and launches a story-book adventure on the Caribbean Sea

IT'S A FAIR GUESS that at one time or another, most of the two billion people in the world shared similar daydreams. And most of them boil down to one central theme: getting away from it all—packing a small bag, saying so long to the boss, an unsmiling first sergeant or crowded apartment, and slowly sailing over the horizon.

Former Marine Arthur P. Mandler and his wife Phyllis have turned their dream into reality. In February of this year, after six months of back-breaking work and several years of planning, the Mandlers stepped aboard their sailing boat for the first lap of an unhurried, year-long Caribbean cruise.

Art and Phyllis had attended high school together in Chicago, then Phyllis enrolled at Northwestern University and Art went to the University of Miami to study journalism. While at Miami, Art's quarters, along with several other students', were aboard a large sailing craft. They made dozens of short cruises, and during summer vacations, pointed their wind-propelled craft in the direction of Cuba and other Caribbean island paradises. Art was completely sold on sailing, and the bug has been with him ever since. After college he found a job in Chicago and he and Phyllis were married. Although Art spent leisure hours sailing on Lake Michigan, Phyllis had still never been aboard a sailing boat and confined her nautical interest to the rosy accounts spun by Arthur after each new sailing adventure. And when Art spoke of them getting a sailing boat and taking off for far, romantic places, she just smiled.

The serene Chicago life came to a screeching halt when Art became Private Arthur P. Mandler, USMC. After boot camp he was assigned duty as a photographer at the Marine Corps Recruit Depot, San Diego. Phyllis joined him on the West Coast, and got a job teaching the third grade in the nearby La Mesa Spring Valley School District. They settled down to the average life of a happily married Marine couple.



Neighbors who live aboard their boats the year around drop in for a chat with Art and Phyllis.

Six months' hard work transformed the Sea Urchin into a combination sea-going home and photo lab

in six months—the latter part of January, 1954, and a tentative date of departure was set for February.

Number one item of equipment for a cruise is a boat. The Mandlers began scouring the boat landings and sales-

rooms up and down the Southern California coast. They were looking for a sailing craft that could withstand the danger of the open seas; could carry enough basic gear and supplies to make them self-sustaining; and primarily,

TURN PAGE



Except for one item. The sailing craze.

Even today, neither Phyllis nor Art can remember when the Caribbean cruise idea stopped being a polite topic of conversation and turned into reality. Once decided, however, the Caribbean cruise became a goal for the Mandlers, and they jumped into the plan with enthusiastic budgets, dates and plans. On paper, "Operation Caribbean" was underway. Art was due for discharge



Captain Mandler and his navigator, Phyllis, spend their leisure hours in Urchin's cabin plotting best possible route for the Caribbean cruise



Mandler checks the distributor of his 4-cylinder engine. It will be used only for emergencies

SEA URCHIN (cont.)

one that could be bought within the limits of their slim budget. For sale at one of the Los Angeles landings was the *Penguin*, a 30-foot, 25-year-old craft, which until that day, had seldom been pointed out of the inner harbor for anything more strenuous than an afternoon's sail. The Mandlers bought her on the spot, and made arrangements to sail her to the Point Loma anchorage at San Diego the following week end.

The first official move for Art Mandler, now that he was the captain of a ship, was to rechristen the craft. *Sea Urchin* became the new name, and was promptly registered with the Coast Guard. The maiden voyage of the *Sea Urchin* was an auspicious one. Accompanied by friends, Phyllis and Art journeyed to Los Angeles to pick up their boat. All went well until they reached the outer harbor, where proceedings came to an abrupt ending. There wasn't a whiff of wind. They made it to Newport Beach, a short way down the coast, stayed the night and determined to try again in the morning. But in the morning it was the same story—no wind. Their friends gave up the plan for a cruise to San Diego and took a bus.

Meanwhile, the determined Mandlers started up the auxiliary motor and headed toward San Diego. The motor roared along fine for awhile, and then, according to Art, "started hitting on about a cylinder and a half." To climax events, the exhaust compartment of the motor then caught fire, and the Mandlers turned to with extinguishers. The early Monday morning sun saw the *Sea Urchin* with its bedraggled, tired crew of two pull into Point Loma and tie up at the landing. Art made it to the MCRD photo lab with only seconds to spare.

Six months of hard work have transformed the *Sea Urchin* into a combination sea-going home and photo lab. For the first step of the transformation, the boat was pulled into a dry dock, and the hull recaulked and painted. Then it was returned to the water and the real work began. Originally, the cabin had contained four bunks, a small head, and nothing else. Art tore out the entire interior of the eight-foot wide cabin and started from the hull up. Two built-in bunks which double as couches during the day were installed in the center portion of the cabin. Carpentry on the interior of the *Sea Urchin* was tricky. There wasn't a flat surface anywhere in the cabin, and each piece of wood had to be carefully cut and fitted into place. From patterns, Art prefabricated all the wooden replacements

at the Marine Corps Recruit Depot Hobby Shop, and spent his holidays and week ends fitting them carefully into place.

A galley adequate for their needs has been installed in the forward part of the cabin. A three-burner butane gas stove—complete with oven—occupies a spot on one side, while a 2½-foot electric refrigerator has been fitted across the way. A 50-gallon fresh water tank has been installed and, for emergencies, a smaller, 20-gallon tank rigged into place. For commonplace water requirements, Art has rigged up a salt water electric pump. The four-cylinder Gray marine engine has been overhauled and purrs like a kitten. Enough fuel is carried to enable an emergency 500-mile leg at five knots per hour. A bank of six-volt batteries provides the current for the electric refrigerator, lights and radio, and a gasoline battery charger keeps the batteries up to par.

Compartments for books, photographic gear and supplies, and clothing storage lockers have been squeezed into every available inch of space. Since wind provides the major source of power, the *Sea Urchin* sports a new set of sails, a full extra set, and complete storm canvas equipment. A sail repair kit has been carefully stowed away for emergencies. The boat carries a 31-foot main sail and a jib, capable of propelling the

(continued on page 61)



Many hours of work and planning pay off as *Sea Urchin* completes test run under full sail. Captain and crew pronounce her sea-worthy

THIS IS HEADQUARTERS



Training Time

by MSgt. Robert T. Fugate

Leatherneck Staff Writer

DON'T KNOW WHAT this Corps is coming to. All this training and hikes and stuff. I've got so much stuff pounded into me I don't think I'll ever forget it."

My buddy, Corporal James Aloysius Alloway, was doing his usual gum-beating.

We had hiked back into the hills from our company area and were taking it easy before we started on a training problem that would be conducted under the cover of darkness.

"Well, at least I can say one thing for these night problems," Jimmy said.

"What's that?"

"It's getting so I can operate better in the dark than I can in the daylight.

I don't beat myself to death stumbling all over everything like I used to. Think I'll get a nighttime job when I get out of this outfit."

"Thought you were a 30-year man, Alloway. Didn't you tell me the other day you were going to ship over?"

"Yeah, guess I did. But I still don't know what I'm gonna do. One day I like this outfit; the next day you can have it."

"You never had it so good, Alloway. Better stick with me. I'm staying in."

"We'll see. Besides, I've got 157 more days to go, so there's plenty of time to think about it. Mostly, though, I'm just beating my gums."

"Yeah, I know what you mean. Almost like boot camp all over again, ain't it?"

"Sure is, and they got everybody doing it too. Even the first soldier is making these training deals with us now. Sure wasn't like this in the old Corps!"

"What do you know about the old Corps? You got less time than I have, you boot."

"Listen to salty, will you? My brother was in the Corps, you know. He told me a lot about it. He was out in China before the last war and I guess the Corps was really a hot outfit then."

"What makes you think it isn't a hot outfit now?" a strange voice broke into our conversation. Startled, we about-faced and stared at the company first sergeant.

"Nothing, top," Jimmy hastened to

TURN PAGE

TRAINING TIME (cont.)

compose himself. "This outfit is still the best there is. Only, according to the things my brother told me about the Corps, they had it a lot better in the old days."

"Did you have a brother in this lash-up?" the top wanted to know.

"Yeah, he was in before the last war. Spent some time in China back in peacetime."

"Was his name Paul, by any chance?" the first sergeant asked.

"It sure was. How did you know?" Jimmy queried.

"Just played a hunch. Why, he was one of my best buddies in Shanghai. Matter of fact, we were in the same squad. I was number two man on the machine gun and he was the gunner."

"Small world," Jimmy said.

"Sure is, Alloway. The longer you stay in this man's outfit the more

"We sure have enough of it," I said. "I think I can do these things blindfolded."

"That's just the point," the top answered. "If you do these things enough times they get so they're like second nature. Then when you need this know-how, you've got it on tap. You don't have to stop and think what you should do; it comes automatically. And that, my friend, might save your life some day."

"You know, you might be right, top," Jimmy admitted. "I was just telling the Sarge here that we've had so many night problems lately that it's getting so I can operate better at night than I can in the daylight."

"That helps to prove my point, too," the first sergeant told us.

"What I want to know is, how come we get so many of these deals?" I asked.

"It's on the training order that comes down to us," the top revealed. "I really can't answer your question as to

outfit around where the staffs take time to explain stuff to their men like they do here. Just look at the top. He's a regular guy. If you got a question, you ask him and he gives you the answer or finds someone who can."

"Yeah, and they aren't wise come-backs either," I said.

"Who's that master sergeant over there talking to Bones?" Jimmy asked.

"I don't know; maybe it's that guy Miller from G-3 the top was talking about. He's coming this way."

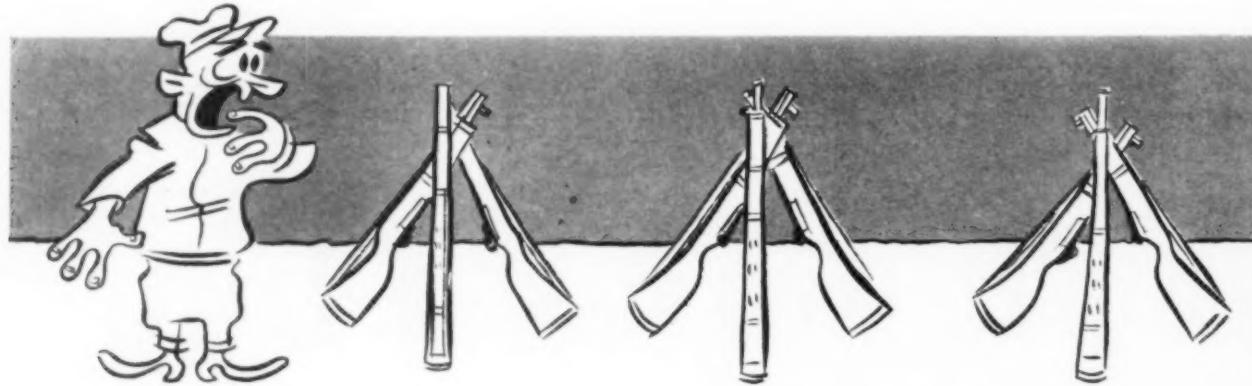
"Excuse me, top," Jimmy said as the sergeant neared our resting spot, "is your name Miller?"

"Sure is, lad."

"Our first sergeant said you probably would be wandering around the area and for us to keep our eyes peeled for you."

"He told me there were a couple of his boys who wanted to talk to me up here. Your name happen to be Alloway?"

"Yes."



you'll find yourself running into the same people over and over again. What's your brother doing now?"

"He's back in Quantico, a first sergeant."

"Top," I broke into the old home week conversation. "Alloway and I were just talking about all these hikes and training stuff. How come we get so much of it now? Was it always like this in the Corps?"

"No, not always, Sarge. 'Course we always had problems and hikes and a certain amount of training, but now they're on the increase. You have to remember that today's Corps is a bigger outfit than it used to be. And there are a lot of new phases that everyone has to be checked out on. I suppose they complained about training back in the Tun Tavern days too, even though you know they didn't get as much classroom stuff then as we do now."

why we're loaded with night problems, but I'll tell you who can. Cody Miller came along with Colonel Smith from the Division Three Section to watch us on this problem. He's an old Shanghai buddy of mine and just came out here from Washington. If anybody knows the skinnay, he will. He'll probably be wandering around the area pretty soon and you can ask him about everything you want to know. Actually, as far as I'm concerned, it doesn't make any difference why we're catching all these problems. We're getting 'em, so we'll carry on the best we can."

After the first sergeant had left, Alloway and I went back to complaining. Strangely, the only thing we didn't gripe about was our outfit.

"You know," Jimmy, "we're pretty lucky to be in this company."

"How's that?"

"The skipper is the best in the battalion and I don't think there's another

"I knew your brother in Shanghai. But what did you want to ask me?"

"My buddy and I," Alloway said indicating me, "were wondering about all this training we get in the Corps. We're through with boot camp so how come we get everything over and over?"

"I kinda figured that was what you wanted to chip about," Miller answered, "so here goes. To start with, the Marine Corps is charged with a specific function in the Defense Department set-up. Our job is outlined in black and white and we're supposed to train to fill that job. Maybe you haven't realized it but the Commandant is responsible for the training of every unit and individual in the Corps."

The sergeant had turned the right knob, and the picture was beginning to come into focus for Alloway and me.

"The Commandant," Miller continued, "is the man who answers to the Defense Department if we aren't

up to snuff. It's his responsibility to see that we're on the ball. 'Course now, he can't do it all alone so he depends upon his staff to help with the training plans."

"Who handles it then?" Alloway wanted to know.

"G-3 of the Marine Corps works out plans for the Commandant's approval."

"They're to blame for all this, then."

"Blame? Nobody's to blame for anything. We've got a job to fill and the training people just control the program so that we can fill the job whenever they call on us."

"Okay, then, how do they control it?" I questioned.

"Mainly through three publications they put out every year. All FMF units get an annual training directive from HQMC. In general terms it tells the FMF outfits what to stress during the coming year. Then the field breaks this broad training directive down into the numbers of hours that will be spent on each subject. The other publications

"It would confuse the issue if every post and station handled its own separate training. Training has to be controlled by the Commandant of the Marine Corps so he can see the big picture. He knows the future plans for the Corps and can dovetail these plans with the Navy's. Besides, he knows the budget limitation of the Corps and just about everything hinges on that."

"They must have a big staff back there at Headquarters to plan all this training, don't they?" I asked.

"No, they don't," was the surprising answer. "The Corps is different from the other services 'cause everybody doubles in a job. I used to work for a lieutenant colonel back there who was a really sharp cookie. He used to say that HQMC was like the old Italian god, Janus."

"What was his MOS?" Alloway joked.

"He was the one they named the month of January after. Anyhow, Janus had two faces; one fore and the other

who is going to a school and who isn't?" I asked.

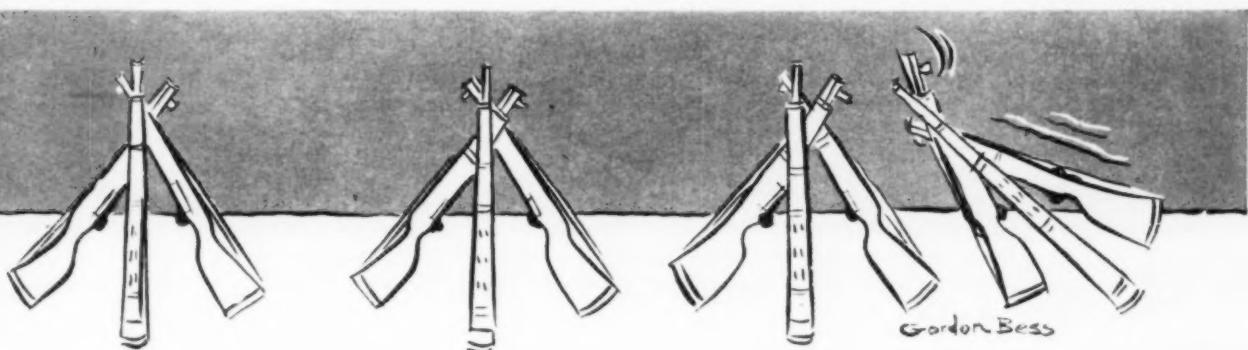
"Yes, and they also *allocate* Marine quotas for the Marine Corps schools and those conducted by other services. They turn these quotas over to the Personnel Department of HQMC, and that department does the actual transferring of personnel."

"How come some of our people go to Marine Corps schools and others go to Navy or Army schools?" Alloway asked.

"To save dough mostly, but also to prevent duplication. Certain phases of the service are basically the same, so if the Army or Navy has a school which teaches a subject used in the Marine Corps, then Marines are assigned to that school. Some operations in the Marines are handled differently—like supply—so we have our own supply school."

"That figures," I added.

"People are starting to stir around down there," Miller broke into the con-



are yearly modifications to certain General Orders. These orders explain the kind of training required each year to keep all Marines up to par. You know, your classroom subjects and theory problems."

"Then the field commands are the cause of this," Alloway charged.

"I wish you people would get that idea out of your heads," the sergeant cautioned. "Everybody has a job to do and it's a lot easier to go ahead and do it than to sit back and moan."

"Anyhow," he continued, "these GOs are scaled down so that the little outfits that might have a lot of administration to do, get less than the big outfits. But everybody in the Corps gets some training."

"Since the field has to break down this training directive from Headquarters, why don't they just go ahead and set up the whole thing themselves?" Alloway wanted to know.

aft. That way, he could look both directions at once. Well, this colonel I worked for said HQMC is just like that guy. You have to look out for the field troops and at the same time you've got to face in the other direction and cooperate with the Navy and Congress.

"They ought to stay busy at headquarters," was my wise retort.

"Those are only two of their jobs," Miller answered. "A big part of the G-3 training is the formal schooling given to Marines. In the first place, on-the-job training is the mainstay of Marine Corps training. You know, actually working on the job. They back this up with expensive formal schooling, but only in cases where it is absolutely necessary to give additional training for specialized tasks. All the units in the Corps are training agencies and these schools supplement those agencies as necessary."

"You mean to say that G-3 decides

versation. "Looks like you're about to move out. It will be dark before too long and you've got a good night for your problem. Alloway, give my regards to your brother next time you write him. And remember one thing, when this training business starts to get you down . . ."

"What's that?"

"Lots of other Marines are going through the same thing and if they can take it, so can you. Just keep smiling and wave 'em through, you know."

"Thanks, Sarge," Jimmy said. "I'll tell my brother Paul I ran into you."

"Do that."

"Okay, Alloway, on your feet. We're gonna be shoving off in a minute. You other men over there, up and at 'em."

"Ooooh, I'm tired," Alloway moaned.

"Isn't that tough! On your feet. Remember what Miller said . . . keep smiling and wave 'em through. Now, let's move!"

END



Color Blind

by Paul McKinney

MATAI'S LEFT EYE was swelling shut and his cheekbone had a red, skinned mark where Tex Malone's rifle butt had come too close. The two stood opposite each other on the Village green in Pavaiai, American Samoa—waiting for the signal from the drill sergeant to continue bayonet practice. The Samoan Marine stood tensed for the next thrust or parry, staring straight at his tall American Marine

opponent without blinking his one good eye.

"All right, you guys!" bellowed the DI, "the next time you fall out for bayonet drill I wanna see you act like you know how to handle those pieces you got in your hands! How do you expect these Samoan Marines to learn anything if you don't snap into it? . . . 'Ten-hut! Fall out!'"

Tex stood flat-footed for a moment, drawn up to his full six feet, looking



Matai pried loose the canvas and broken boards and slipped his arms inside until he got a hold on the man's hips. He pulled the form slowly. The big tree quivered

down at the shorter Matai.

"Trouble with you Samoans, you're too much fai fai le mu—you can't 'take it easy' in this outfit. Better go cook up that batch of taro. You're gonna need it because next time I'm gonna really work you over."

Matai smiled slightly at the corners of his mouth.

"OK, Tex . . . yes, we say fai fai le mu. We save our fight for right time."

"Yeah?" Tex smirked over his shoulder as he walked away towards Dog Company area, "don't kid me; you guys just ain't got what it takes."

Matai shrugged and moved off in the direction of Headquarters Company where he'd been attached as Battalion interpreter. He was always perplexed where Tex was concerned. The American Marine seemed to resent him ever since he stumbled over Matai's foot in the first bayonet drill. He always picked him for a partner, now, and each time he was getting rougher. Matai rubbed his puffed eye gingerly

and suddenly reversed his direction to that of Dog Company.

"Hey, Tex!" he called to the burly figure about to enter his tent as he hurried up to him, "whatsa matter? You no like Matai? You think I leanga?"

Tex paused and turned around facing him.

"Yeah, bub, as far as I'm concerned you're no good. Anybody who thinks he can get away with making a fool out of me in front of a Top is nuts! And don't tell me you didn't trip me on purpose."

"No!" Matai countered, an alarmed look on his face, "I did not put my foot there for you to fall. I am sorry. I think it good we be friends?" He extended his hand, smiling.

"Go to blazes, you brown goof-off!" Tex snarled. "When I want your company around here I'll let you know." The smile dropped from Matai's face. "The sooner you learn your place the better we'll get along. Now, get out of here. Next drill I'm gonna wrap my

rifle *all* the way around your skull." He turned and disappeared inside his tent.

Matai's shoulders drooped a little as he looked after him. A scowl flickered over his handsome features and then vanished quickly.

"Fai fai le mu, Tex, Hey?" he laughed as he sauntered away. He received no answer from inside the tent but just as he turned up the boardwalk towards his own Company he ducked instinctively as a heavy-soled boondocker sailed over his head. The good natured smile was replaced by lines of worry. He was afraid no amount of friendliness was going to help him with Tex Malone. And it was not the Samoans' way of living—all this bad talk all the time. Deep down inside, his heart was heavy. In Samoa it was fai fai le mu all the time. A man didn't put on airs or fight with another man unless it was really an important thing. And the High Chiefs took care of anyone who couldn't get along with other people.

COLOR BLIND (cont.)

Above him the sky was red and in Samoa he knew it was always a sign of big winds and stormy weather. He wished the storm inside of him would blow away as soon as this one would. It would blow hard for a short while and then leave, but it was not that easy inside of a man.

While guard was being posted that night the winds rushed in over the island, bending giant coconut trees almost double and shaking the leaves on the banana trees until the clamor almost deafened. The roaring rattle went on as night fell, whipping the rain in from a sideways position like a hail of 30 caliber slugs.

In his tent Matai lay looking up at the shuddering ceiling, wondering how such a weak-looking thing managed to stay up. He would have rather been home in his own village, safe in the fale he built himself. It was built strong and he was proud of the many storms it had weathered. Taps were still sounding when the Corporal of the Guard poked his head into the tent.

"You're on report, Matai," a voice he recognized as Tex Malone's growled at him, "and bein' I'm on duty tomorrow, too, I'll have you burnin' out the heads. Now, turn that lamp out!" He disappeared into the gale outside.

Matai blew it out and threw himself back on his cot. Malone knew he hadn't been on liberty to his village in three weeks and now it would be a month before he'd see his mother and father and his two sisters. He continued his musings until a splintering crash down the path interrupted him. Flinging back the covers on his bunk he hopped out on the board floor and wrapped his lava lava around him. He stuck his head outside to see if anyone else had heard it. No one else seemed to be stirring. And his was the last tent in the row. Instinctively, he grabbed his bush knife and headed towards the sound of the crash.

As quickly as it had come, the storm let up. Above, stars began to push through the clouds and the moon, far down in the Southern sky, beamed out a pale light. Matai sloshed along the muddy path, feeling even on his tough skinned feet, the sawed edges of coconut fronds.

When he'd traveled a good stone's throw he spotted a huge fallen coconut tree, its base sticking up in the air in a massive muddy blob. The tree had fallen right on top of the Corporal of the Guard's tent. He rushed over and pawed at the pile of canvas at the edge of the tent until he felt a man's leg. With his bush knife he hacked

away at the tough tent covering until he had made enough of an opening to get a hold on the man's waist. Then he stood up and surveyed the fallen tree again. It was not all the way to the ground and rested precariously on the slant of a smaller tree about four feet up on its trunk. He'd have to wriggle the man out without jarring the tree. The slightest jar would crush completely anything beneath it!

He pried loose the jammed up canvas and broken boards carefully and slipped his arms inside until he got a hold on the man's hips. He pulled slowly and steadily. When he'd got him out as far as his chest he felt the big tree quiver. Giving a desperate heave backwards he landed sprawling with the inert form draped half in his lap. A loud thump and a spray of water told him he was just in time.

"Hey! Sentry! Come quick!" Matai yelled at a distant figure. "Man hurt!"

"That you, Matai?" the guard answered as he pounded towards him, his rifle at high port. "Holy cow! It's



Malone. You better wait here while I get help." He sloshed off in a hurry and came back in a minute with a sleepy-eyed Corpsman who pushed Matai aside and began feeling Tex's arms and legs for broken bones. He flashed a light on his head.

"Look at the bump on this egg-head's noggin! Big as a chicken egg. He's gonna be all right, though. He's comin' to, right now." Tex began to mumble. The Corpsman's jaw dropped as he looked in the direction of the Guard tent.

"Will - you - take - a - look - at - that!" Matai and the sentry turned around. Where the Guard tent had been, only a pool of water with a couple of protruding broken slats remained. The big tree's weight had pushed the tent out of sight.

"Hey, Tex, you all right?" Matai asked him as the man struggled to sit up. He just grunted.

"Come on," the Corpsman said, "let's roll him on this piece of duckboard. The Doc'd better check him over." Together they heaved and carried him off to Sick Bay.

The next day the indomitable Tex

Malone was up and about, good as new, with a single white patch on top of his head. Matai spoke to him as he passed by the tent on his way to chow.

"How you feel, Tex?" he inquired.

"OK. I'm givin' you my thanks. But don't think you're a hero. Some of the Sailors are talkin' like you was one, but you ain't done nothin', anyone else couldn't have done, passin' by."

Matai looked embarrassed. He got more from the tone of voice than from the words. Injured pride burned slowly inside of him. For a second he felt intense hatred; then he choked up and coughed. For fear it would be taken for a sign of weakness he turned and went into the tent.

Tex walked on to the open mess hall and went through the line.

"Why don't you leave Matai alone, Tex?" Pony Treacher asked him as he walked alongside him to the table. "He's all right. You're lucky he came along last night."

"Yeah, I gave him my thanks. Ain't that enough? I'm lettin' him alone, all right, but he ain't leavin' me alone." He grabbed four slices of shingle and poured gravy over them. "I tell you I'm sick and tired of lookin' at these natives. You guys don't savvy me, yet. I been here five months and I'm still strictly a Texan."

"Yeah? Wait'll you're here eighteen months," a little guy called Potter remarked. "I come with the first Defense Battalion they had in these parts and I'm tellin' you the longer I'm here the better they all look—especially some of those chicks." He rolled his eyes and a couple murmurs of approval sounded around the table.

"Well, let me tell you somethin', Potter, I ain't gonna get stuck on this rock eighteen months—if I gotta be surveyed out. In the second place, I got pride. My folks taught me self respect, and I know how I stand with people that got no scruples about where they stand with me. You guys can let 'em run all over you if you want, but that ain't for me."

"Nobody's having any trouble around here with the Samoans but you, Tex." Masterson, a sergeant, grumbled down at the end of the table. "Stew in your own juice. Now let's change the subject."

Tex shut up for a while. Maybe he didn't get the remark or maybe he was too busy eating.

"Yeah," Potter added after a long silence. "Say, Tex, how about the smoker, tonight? You feel all right to fight? You're the only heavyweight we got in Dog Company. Maybe old

Foots up at Headquarters Company'll clean your clock?"

"Haw!" Tex guffawed. "Wait'll I get that ignorant Swede in the ring. I'll make him wish he never saw me or a pair of gloves. He may be fairly big but it's all in his feet. Besides," he reflected as he stopped chewing, "I been wantin' to get that guy good ever since Boot Camp when he stepped on my blanchoed pack with those big feet. That DI made me crawl for a week!"

"What'sa matter with Foots? He ain't a bad egg," Wembley the Company clerk remarked. "Maybe he hasn't got much upstairs but he'll do anything for you . . ."

"Shut up, pencil-pusher," Tex growled, shoveling down another piece of shingle in two gulps. "No one asked you your high and mighty opinion. You ain't any smarter'n the Swede, anyway." Wembley shut up and left the table.

"And let me tell you what I'm going to do in Apia when I get my 72 for winnin' the fight," he called after him. He closed his mouth quickly as he spotted a brown figure sitting down at the place Wembley had left. His eyes narrowed as Matai began eating his breakfast. No one said anything as they glanced first at Tex and then Matai. Tex turned his head and spat all the food in his mouth to the ground, then picked up his mess gear and stomped away.

"Kailofa," Matai said quietly to the others as he ignored Tex's behavior. They all returned his hello.

"Damn good trick you pulled last night, Matai," Potter piped at him.

"Yeah," Pony Treacher rejoined. "Wasn't for you, old Ivory Head woulda been a gone goose."

The smouldering fire in Matai's eyes left as he smiled in acknowledgment.

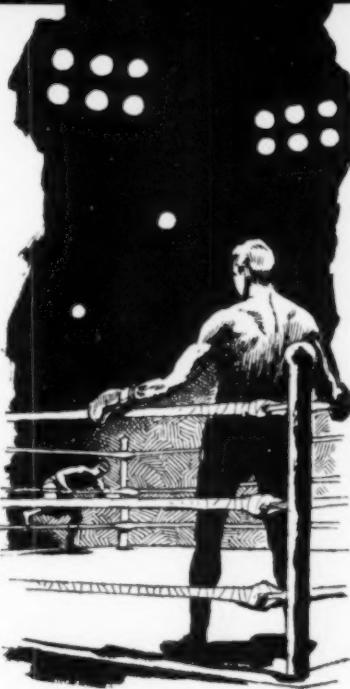
"Yes. It is good the tree did not fall all the way on him. He has a very hard head."

"In more ways than one, Matai," Masterson grinned, "but he's not such a bad guy when you get to know him. I don't think . . ." They all laughed as Masterson obviously fished for something good to say for Tex. Then Masterson laughed himself.

"Anyway," he said sobering up, "he's one tough guy with his fists. Don't tangle with him, Matai. You understand? Do—not—get—in—fight—with—Tex," he said slowly, pronouncing all the words distinctly. Matai looked blank but nodded. "Just stay away from him. OK?" Matai nodded again.

"Thank you. You all kele lelei ma wo, Matai."

"Sure, we're your friends," Potter grunted as he stood up from the table. "Come on, boys, let's get ready for inspection. Hear the Old Man's on



his high horse, today. Tofa, Matai." He picked up his gear and the rest followed him.

"Tofa, ma wo! See you ick-spection!" Matai yelled after them.

The crowd at the smoker that night was big. Some of the men had come all the way in from Pago Pago. A few prelims were run off; they weren't very good but there were a lot of laughs, some boos and catcalls. Everyone was in a good mood for the main event. Of course, no one expected Foots Anderson to win from Tex Malone but there was always that underdog hope. Foots was a pretty big boy, after all, and he packed a lot of weight, but he had too much weight and it was in the wrong places—mainly around his belly and in his feet. Just the same, he was a real clown and everybody liked him. Whenever he got into the ring with those big ironing board feet there were as many laughs as cheers. And it might be said he didn't have enough sense to be afraid of anybody.

The last of the novice bouts finished quickly. Topaz, a young Navajo Indian, knocked himself out when he didn't get out of the way of Pete Mendez's head. Pete slipped to his knees and got up in a hurry. Referee Lieutenant Billings held up his arms for quiet.

"Men! I've just been told the Doc has made Pfc Foots Anderson turn in to Sick Bay with the Mu Mu. There will be no main event tonight!" There was a disappointed roar from the crowd which gradually grew quiet as a figure near the tenth row of seats waved violently at the referee. Calls of "pipe down" rang out as he began to speak.

"Lieutenant Billings, Sir," Matai was saying. "I'd like to fight for Foots Anderson." A few ripples of laughter ran over the crowd. Billings looked surprised, then shook his head and motioned him to sit down. By this time a Corpsman had bounded into the ring and whispered into the Lieutenant's ear. Once again Billings shook his head. The Corpsman bent his ear again and Billings finally relented. He waved Matai toward him as an excited murmur rose in the crowd.

"Well, men!" he said, raising his arms again. "I guess the Colonel's given the OK. Our main event for tonight will be Private Matai, attached to Headquarters Company, versus Tex Malone of Dog Company!" The crowd yelled.

Down at the ringside Matai was already slipping on a pair of eight-ounce gloves. Potter was yelling in Matai's ear:

"You're nuts! I tell you you're nuts!"

Matai climbed into the ring, looking a bit ludicrous in his Samoan lava lava and bare feet. He had hoisted the lava lava high around his knees and the white T shirt was off. But there was a solid tone to his brown skin that made him look healthy and fresh, if hopelessly outmatched. He was barefooted and stood stock still in his corner with both hands down at his sides, ignoring all the chatter of his self-appointed second, Potter. There was something about the fight that reminded one of matching a pussy cat with a tiger.

Across the way, Tex Malone had climbed in amidst a garbled hubbub of cheers and applause. Not much a favorite, nevertheless, he was the kind of a fighter that fills an audience with awe. Throwing off a white bathrobe with 'U.S. Marines' stamped on it in red letters, he grabbed the ropes and began to limber up. He was built like a power machine. Thick muscles rolled under the freckled skin and added to the amazing 'V' perfection of his body build. He had the wide heavy shoulders of a natural born fighter. He was a natural, all right, even to the thick bull neck and the heavy Roman cast to his face.

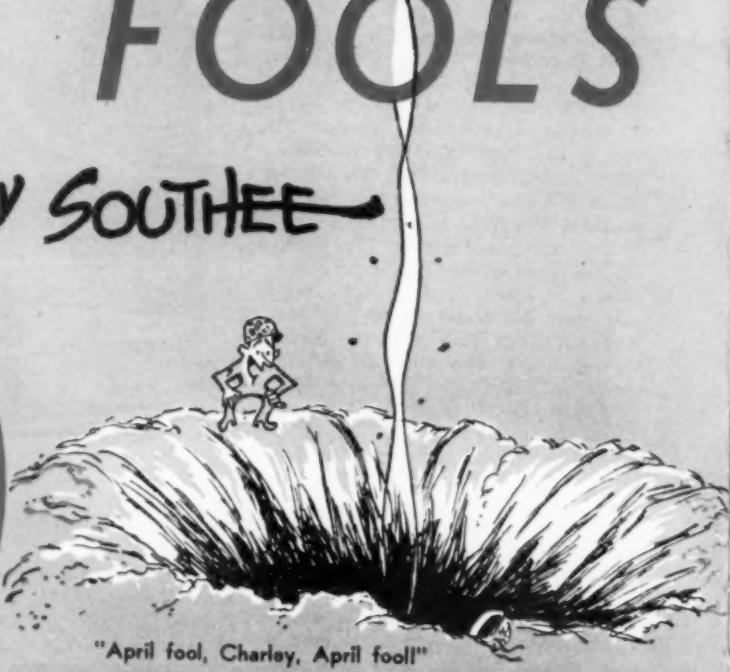
Every now and then he'd look over at Matai with a snarl, trying to catch his eye, but Matai kept his eyes on the floor and hardly moved. When the referee called them to the center of the ring he still kept his face down toward the canvas as they were being briefed, while Tex glared down at the top of his head. They went back to their corners and came out at the bell.

Tex charged towards Matai and touched gloves with those pile driver arms, almost pushing Matai over backwards. Matai (continued on page 65)

Leatherneck Laffs presents

APRIL FOOLS

by SOUTHEE

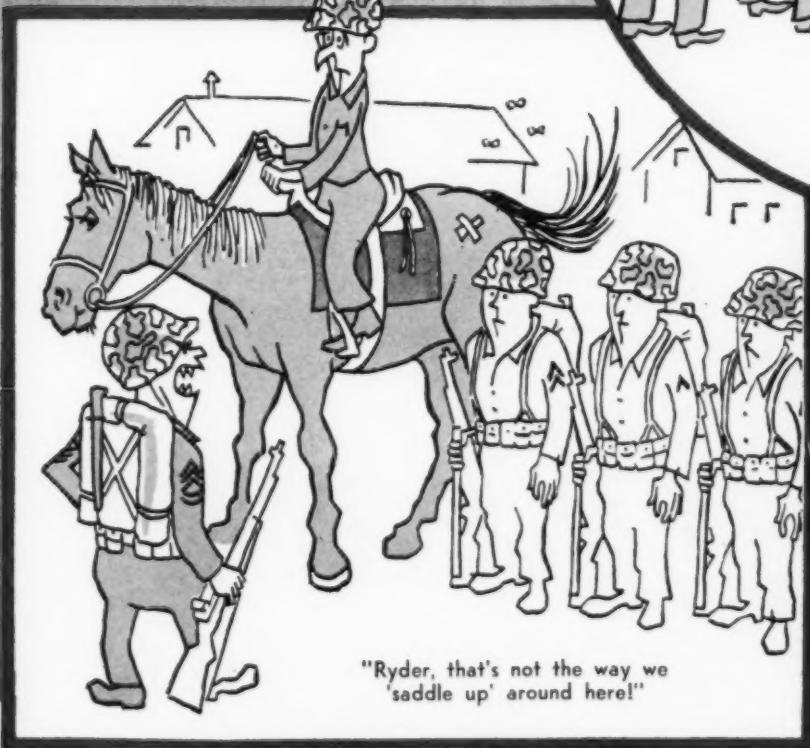




"Had a little trouble finding the C.P., Sir!"



"About your M.C.I. Art Course, Rockwell . . ."

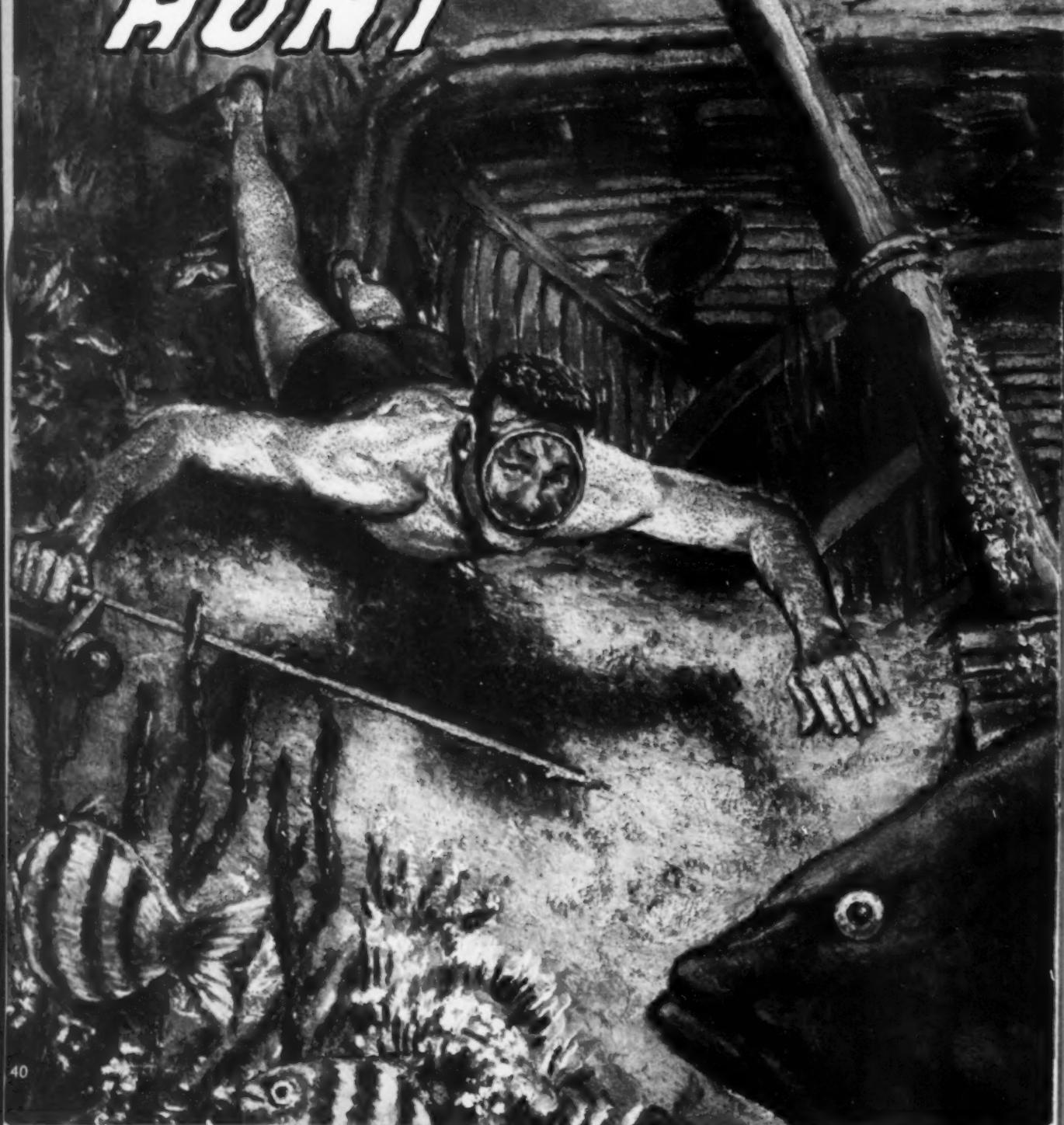


"Ryder, that's not the way we saddle up' around here!"



"We have a request for the 'Bunny Hop'!"

UNDERWATER HUNT





The author, left, and A. C. McCarthy went after jewfish in the waters near St. Petersburg, Fla. The biggest catch weighed in at 404 pounds

by Major John F. Bolt, USMC

CALL IT WHAT YOU may—spear fishing, skin diving or goggle fishing—hunting underwater is the sport. It's action fishing where the diver calls the play. The surface fisherman hopes the fish is where he is, and that it's hungry and dumb enough to hook himself; the underwater spear fisherman hunts his fish; he doesn't depend on its hunger. Only the accuracy of his spear will bring him game.

The fascination of battling it out with a quarry deep among forests of seaweed, wrecks of years gone by and the thick and dazzling profusion of life surrounding rocks and ledges, has enticed many new enthusiasts into the sport in recent years. The abundance of game which so frequently greets spear fishermen can be compared with a 100-yard walk through the woods in which a land hunter would en-

counter deer, bear, elk, wolves, rabbits and quail. There's a thrill in underwater hunting which the land hunter seldom experiences; if a nimrod were to hunt, never knowing when he himself might become hunted, he would be borrowing some of the excitement of spear fishing.

Spear fishing is a demanding sport. The desire to get fish must be strong—strong enough to overcome a Hollywood-rooted and fiction-inspired fear of the sharp-toothed monsters of the deep. Unfortunately for the popularity of the sport, blood and horror have been consistent stand-bys for matinees and pulp books. Many a screen villain has met his death in fin-swept seas. The statistics don't support the case against the deep-sea killers, however. Sharks do eat people and parts of people. There has never been any doubt about that point. Several years

CHALK



Major John F. Bolt speared this 404-pound jewfish in June of 1952, outside Tampa Bay, Fla. Mrs. Bolt handled the boat during the strike

UNDERWATER HUNT (cont.)

ago a picture magazine with a tremendous circulation ran some excellent photos of a plane wrecked Puerto Rican trying to out-swim a huge Mako shark. He didn't make it, and the proof went into millions of American homes.

And what were the odds? Well, in World War II the Navy published a pamphlet called "Shark Sense." It stated that in the history of the United States Navy not one of its members had authentically been known to have been chewed on by a shark. They didn't say it hadn't happened; they said there were no authentic instances that could be reported. Maybe the sharks have disposed of the authentic instance in some cases, but in over a century and a half there have been

a lot of American sailors in a lot of shark infested waters. It's evident that the sharks haven't dented the muster roll.

Phillip Wylie recently wrote an excellent article on barracudas. He approached the sea gangster in an objective, analytical frame of mind. He was able to give only four instances of harm which could be credited to the barracuda and in these instances, he was not able to get names, dates or places. If you can reduce the barracudas and sharks to a small calculated risk, you are left with only one other fright in the coastal waters of the United States—the moray eel. Here is a real finger snapper, a worthy opponent for anything that swims, up to the size of a submarine. His high forehead is shaped like an R4D's nose section. Beneath the humped forehead are sunken, evil, yellow-green eyes. His teeth are long and triangular and the jaw muscles of his mouth can

clamp through tough material and stay clamped.

In 1947, a Marine NCO from El Toro was fishing off the jetty at Balboa Island. He had been there several hours and had a nice string of fish. When he went to pick up his fish, he assumed that the tidal wash had pulled them into the rocks. He ran his hand down into the rocks to free the fish. A sharp pain, a terrified pull and he was minus two fingers.

Dr. Gerald Winkler, an excellent abalone and spiny lobster diver, of Laguna Beach, California, dragged a friend ashore in 1940 minus a couple of fingers and in a state of shock. Morays did the job. The redeeming feature about the moray eel is that he is a defensive fighter. He is an able protector of his food and home. Leave him alone and he will leave you alone. Be positive of leaving him alone by never, never, never, east coast or west, north or south, putting your hand into holes where you cannot see.

If you understand your potential enemies, you can live in peace with them or even defeat them if need be. I have listed the beach lounger's imagined dangers, along with the desire to engage in the sport, for it is only when a sporting desire overcomes these instilled fears that a person takes up spear fishing. All he needs is the ability to hold his head underwater without strangling—plus a face-plate, swim fins, a spear gun and a knowledge of the fish he's hunting.

As for the actual swimming underwater, nothing could be simpler. Don't inhale through your nose when you are in the water; the nose leads only to the lungs. Relax whenever possible. Float low in the water. Without any treading action most people will float in an upright position, about eye level deep. This is high enough, for you can raise the mouth to inhale. Relaxation goes back to proper breathing. A person breathing through the nose fears strangulation, so he treads water violently trying to stay head and shoulders above the water. Ten minutes of this and he is too exhausted to swim ashore, much less begin the arduous sport of swimming underwater. Flashy swimming pool performers are not always good skin divers. One of the best skin divers I know is a Marine who looks like he'll never make it to the other side of the pool when he jumps in. A dog paddle is the best style he has developed on the surface, but underwater he swims like a seal.

Several deep breaths before diving will load the blood stream with oxygen. The air contained in the lungs will have very little influence on the period of the dive. If the lungs are full it is much more difficult to dive and stay



Maj. Bolt used Hawaiian-type sling spear off North Carolina coast to get seven-pound Sheepshead fish



One afternoon's work 20 feet beneath the surface netted these flounders for Maj. Bolt, Capt. Munro

down. With the lungs empty a human body will sink readily. Most skin divers prefer a neutral buoyancy with the lungs about half full.

Water pressure at 30-foot depths is 15 pounds per square inch. Most swimming pools are 12 feet on the diving end. The water pressure bothers a person who is just beginning to dive, but continued diving flexes the ear drum, and after a while, the pressure is no longer noticed. Free dives of over 100 feet are on record among the Navy's Frogmen. At that depth the water pressure is about 50 pounds per square inch. If a skin diver starts out with a self-imposed maximum depth of 20 feet and never later lowers that depth below 30 feet, I don't believe any harm will come to him from the effects of water pressure. Skin divers don't go deep enough, or remain down long enough to be troubled with the bends. Before using any underwater breathing equipment, the causes and effects of "the bends" should be thoroughly understood.

The face plate is the most important single piece of equipment. Its purpose is to provide good visibility underwater, and without it, underwater visibility in the clearest water is blurred and short range, at best. The face plate keeps the water off the eyeballs. Water surface is smoothed by contact against the glass, and refraction is controlled. All face plates tend to magnify about one third, and this magnification can cause big disappointments in the size of the game. It isn't uncommon to miss an estimate of fish size by over 100 per cent. Most skin divers take along an extra face plate and leave it on the beach in case one

breaks. If any of your other equipment is lost in the water it can usually be found, but a broken or lost face plate can end a skin diving trip if you are not carrying a spare.

The type of face plate is purely a matter of choice. As compared with goggles, however, the face plate is preferred. It runs over the forehead and around between the nose and upper lip. Since the nose is within the face plate, proper breathing through the mouth is effected. To test a face plate, put it on, tighten it, and try to inhale through the nose; if you can't inhale, then water can't seep in. In use, particularly in the cold water off California, face plates tend to fog up on the inside. Spitting in them and rubbing the saliva around the glass prevents fogging for 10 or 15 minutes.

Swim fins attached to the feet give them greater paddling area, thus enabling the swimmer to move through the water at increased speed, and permitting the diver to approach his game without moving his hands which can frighten the fish.

The technicalities of spears and spear guns would be too large a study for detailed explanation in this article, but these features are worth considering in making or buying a speargun: First, there is no substitute for power. A minimum in this would be a quarter-inch steel spear of a more than three-foot length, which is shot at least 70 yards through the air by its speargun. A speargun of this type would be good for fish up to about 15 pounds.

A detachable head on a spear is desirable; it will turn flat in the fish and give the fish no weight of the spear shaft against which to shake. In

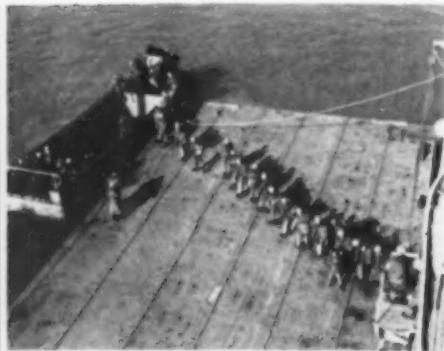
order to facilitate retrieving the spear, most fishermen tie their detachable head line back to the spear, a foot or so down the shaft. The spear is usually attached to the gun or sling by a line.

In extremely clear water of shallow depth a free unattached spear is sometimes preferred. The free spear is more accurate and has more range. Good water visibility is necessary with the free spear, not only to retrieve the misses, but to track the injured fish which may carry off the spear. Usually a line or steel cable is tied from the shaft on the rear end of the attached spear. Having the line attached to the rear end of the spear shaft may cause frequent fouling but it pays off in giving the spear more stability during its run. The other end of the line is then tied to the middle and flat side of the gun. If the gun will float, you will lose fewer rigs. Having the line tied to the flat side will furnish drag which will tire any fish which might pull the outfit away from the diver and through the water.

In the means of propulsion, the two most popular methods are carbon dioxide (CO₂) gas or surgical rubber. The CO₂ gives more power but the surgical rubber is more popular, for it is easier to acquire, more dependable, and quieter in operation. CO₂ is usually difficult to obtain and keep. The CO₂ charge might leak out when it's needed most, and its noise underwater is a minor explosion which might frighten fish in an area of many yards. Surgical rubber tubing is usually employed in multi-bank arrangements. Each bank will give about 50 pounds pull. Up to eight banks are used for very large fish. (continued on page 76)



Lectures on each unit's mission were held aboard ship. Every man knew his assignment well



Marines unload from Marine Serpent at Inchon for LCM ride. Minimum gear went along



Chinese POWs, waving flags vowing loyalty to Chiang Kai-shek, arrive at Inchon in 6x6s



Quarters on LST tank deck are jammed with 1000 Chinese, but they don't complain since they're headed for freedom

Operation Comeback

by MSgt. Roy E. Heinecke

Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

Communism suffered a heavy blow when the Third Bn., Fourth Marines escorted 14,500 Chinese POWs to a new freedom

Photos by

MSgt. J. W. Richardson

Leatherneck Staff Photographer

THE NEW YEAR HAD just begun, and in the ripe Japanese winter an air of secrecy hung heavily over the headquarters of the Fourth Marine Regiment in Nara. Over in Easy area, home of the Third Battalion, officers, carrying classified documents, slipped in and out of closed door conferences. The battalion's Marines watched the proceedings with interest and speculation, then at 1630 picked up their liberty cards and headed into town.

Even the dark haired waitress in the Diajobi Cafe—a gal who can put the finger on a troop movement before the orders are cut—was puzzled. And the coming Marine payday—without Marines—was an unhappy thought; she wore a you-can't-do-this-to-me expression. Something big was in the cold breeze but nobody was putting out the dope—yet.

Lieutenant Colonel Cecil D. Ferguson, acting regimental commander of the Fourth and the regular CO of the Third Battalion, had the answers but the "classified" stamp on the closely guarded papers made it impossible for him to share the information with anyone but a few selected officers who would be directly concerned in the operation.

Division had dropped the TOP SECRET order in the Colonel's lap the day before. The directive had started with the top echelon of the United Nations Command and had been passed down the line to the Fourth Marine Regiment. It was an order destined to throw one battalion of the Fourth into a world wide spotlight. The Marines would participate in Operation Comeback, the release of 22,500 anti-communist soldiers captured by the UN forces during the more than three years of fighting in Korea and now being held in the neutral belt of Korea by 5000 troops of the Indian Custodial Forces under Lieutenant General K. S. Thimayya.

The UN command demanded the return of the prisoners of war, all of whom had renounced Communism for freedom, by midnight of January 22. The Chinese Reds wanted the POWs held until a later date. It was a political decision that was up to General Thimayya's boss, Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru of neutral India. And time was running out.

The classified papers on Col. Ferguson's desk instructed him to ready a battalion of the Fourth Marines for a three-week tour of duty—and he had 72 hours to complete the job. With the regiment in the middle of rotation problems this was going to be a big task: the battalion selected would have to be filled out with replacements, and its T/O would have to undergo a complete change before it could fit the assigned job.

When Col. Ferguson received the classified orders he was confronted with the immediate selection of one of the three battalions for the assignment. The First was off on maneuvers and the Second's CO was out of the country on TAD orders. This left the Third, Col. Ferguson's own battalion. The Colonel had little choice; his selection was obvious.

Once the decision was made Easy Area became the scene of more hurried conferences, short timers and sickbay soldiers had to be replaced and the Third Battalion reorganized to fit the new T.O. The Second Battalion supplied the men and the Marine Corps organization of companies, platoons and squads went out the window. In its place appeared 16 teams, each consisting of four officers and 48 enlisted men. The roster included one Naval doctor and three corpsmen in each 52-man team.

While the battalion was in the midst of changing over to the new T.O. Col. Ferguson selected one officer and four enlisted men from each team, designated them the advance party, and took off in an RSD for an undisclosed designation. Major Robert M. Ervin, Executive Officer of the Third, continued the work involved in moving the battalion. Former company commanders and platoon leaders, now grouped under the one title of team leaders, pored over rosters as supply sergeants doled out winter sleeping bags and 782 gear to the new men. Specialty numbers were ignored as senior NCOs, regardless of previous duties, became NCOs-in-Charge of teams. Others were assigned the duties of guard commanders,



mess sergeants and sergeants of the guard.

First Lieutenant Felix E. Queen, Battalion Adjutant, had to clear up all paper work on the battalion before the unit departed from Easy Area. There would be no typewriter commandos on this trip.

Despite the tremendous work load handed the battalion officers and men, the unit was loaded aboard 6x6s the following day, 24 hours ahead of schedule, for the three-hour ride to Kobe. There, the *USNS Marine Serpent* waited to take them on the first leg of their journey.

By the time the troops boarded ship at the central Japan seaport, every Marine had a fair idea of where he was



Thousands of Inchon's citizens paraded and waved banners in all-out welcome for former Reds who renounced Communism for freedom

going and what he was going to do. Attempts to keep the movement in a classified stage collapsed when a Japanese English language newspaper printed a small item which made it possible for the Marines to put two and two together and come up with, in this case, the right answer—16. The news story, released prior to the boarding of the *Marine Serpent*, stated that 16 American LSTs would transport 14,500 Chinese non-repatriated prisoners of war from Inchon to Chiang Kai-shek's island bastion of Formosa. Sixteen LSTs, 16 Marine teams; it added up.

As the Marines cleared Japanese waters the word became official; they were in for a sea goin' tour. Team leaders briefed their men on the terms of the Korean truce, giving the facts on the POW disagreement between the Reds and the United Nations. They explained why the UN was sticking to its guns in regard to the return of the captured Red soldiers who had renounced Communism and wished to return to their American captors. They were told their mission was "to escort, protect and ensure the safe delivery of approximately 14,500 Chinese non-repatriated prisoners of war to the Chinese Nationalist Government Island of Formosa." When the Third Battalion arrived in Inchon Harbor the morning of January 19 they knew their assigned duties and they would perform them.

Here, amid the treacherous tidal currents in Inchon harbor, the teams were transferred from the *Marine Serpent* to their LSTs.

Immediate preparations were made to receive the Chinese passengers. Team Number One, among the last to leave the *Marine Serpent*, climbed aboard LST 643 and met their team leader, Second Lieutenant Billy N. Hahn. Lt. Hahn had been a member of the advance party which had flown to Pusan, Korea, where the LSTs had been outfitted for the trip to Formosa. Here, too, the five members of each of the teams had boarded their respective LSTs for the ride to Inchon.

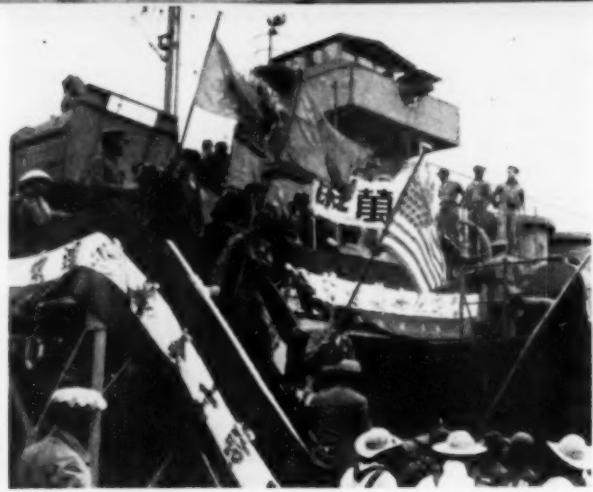
LST 643, slated to carry Maj. Ervin and Lt. Queen in addition to Team Number One, was a novelty to the Marines. Korean laborers, under Army supervision, had made many changes in the ship in order to accommodate an additional 1000 passengers. The tank deck, which would be the home of the POWs for the sea voyage, had to have all moveable equipment transferred to another area. The removal of any piece of equipment which could be used as a weapon was a precaution against flaring tempers or old grudges which the former Red soldiers might hold against each other.

Additional heads had been constructed just inside the railings on top side. A galley, one side for the Marines and the other for the Chinese, had been

TURN PAGE



Lt. R. Ridenhour, (MC) USN, checks a 73-year-old POW. Communists drafted him when he was 70



At Keelung, Formosa, crowds set off firecrackers and lined pier to welcome LSTs loaded with POWs

OPERATION COMEBACK (cont.)

built amidships. Large gasoline-run heaters had been installed topside with their blowers running through hatches to the tank deck. Many days of low temperatures were expected to remain in the area through which the LSTs would pass. Every reasonable comfort for the Chinese had been anticipated.

Food for both the Marines and the POWs had to be loaded. The Marines received a 30-day supply of five-in-one rations; the Chinese would get all the rice and fish they could eat, plus C-rations and the spices peculiar to Occidental culinary. The Chinese Red Cross added candy, Korean cigarettes—enough to give each man a pack per day—fresh fruit and 2000 suits of winter "long johns" per LST.

As the Marines of Team Number One dropped their packs on the LSTs they heard screaming sirens and the welcoming roar of thousands of South Koreans; the first of the 14,500 non-repatriated POWs had arrived on the docks. Gayly colored three-man dragons snaked their way down to the long row of processing tents. School children dressed in traditional native garb and carrying anti-Communist signs paraded with their elders. And as the celebration continued, Army processing teams went quickly about their tasks. The POWs filed down from the trucks which had brought them from the neutral zone, and were ushered into a tent where they were given two blankets each and assigned to an LST. When Army boondockers were issued the POWs happily tossed their ragged discards out of the tents.

The first 500 Chinese POWs had arrived on the docks in the late after-

noon and new arrivals continued to flow in all through the night. At 0200, LST 643 opened its bow to receive its 1000 passengers. Even at that hour and in a drizzling rain that sometimes turned to sleet, the Korean civilians, young and old, were on hand to wish the Chinese Godspeed.

With much handshaking, bows and shouts of "Banzai" the ship was loaded in record time and joined the second of three convoys, each escorted by a destroyer. All bows were pointed in the direction of Formosa.

From the moment the Chinese POWs filed aboard until the day they disembarked at Keelung, the Marines maintained a running watch of five posts, two forward on the main deck, two aft and one sentry on the bridge where he could survey the entire main deck. There were no guard posts in the hold nor tank deck and for a very good reason: one lone sentry would not have been able to cope with a disturbance among the 1000 passengers.

The Marine personnel aboard LST 643 were a good cross section of the teams on all the ships. TSgt. James F. Choate, a communications chief, drew the role of first sergeant. SSgt. Richard A. Whaley, of Third Battalion headquarters, was assigned the duties of mess sergeant. He had one regular Marine cook and two Chinese POWs who volunteered to handle the ship's chow.

When Whaley checked his food supply he discovered that the South Korean leaders had left him in a perplexing situation; the entire team would be ready to string him to a hastily rigged yardarm after the first few days at sea. The Koreans had loaded Team Number One's LST with menu no. 1 of the 5-in-1 rations, Team Number Two had received menu No. 2 and so on down the line.

Heavy seas were encountered as the ship cleared the harbor. The topside galley became an obstacle course, complete with ricocheting C-ration cans and rice cooking tureens which took to the air as the ship rolled and pitched. Off duty guards drew messcook assignments and the hazards that went with the duty gave many Marines scalded hands or legs as they attempted to jockey the full pots and pans over the heaving deck to the messhall.

On the first day out the Marines of the LSTs found they had additional passengers. Five Chinese Nationalists were assigned to each LST. The reason became apparent when Major Ervin announced a change in Team Number One's mission. From that moment the Marines were aboard to "protect lives and property of UN personnel and ships crews." The Chinese Nationalist officers were to deal with the former Red soldiers on all matters. A United Nations Command directive gave the passengers their freedom, once they were aboard the LSTs and for the rest of the trip they were to be considered civilians in the category of displaced persons being moved to a country of their own choice.

Although the wording of the mission was changed, the Marines still maintained their topside security guard. Small groups of Chinese were brought up from the tank deck during meal-times, fed and then returned to their compartment. Two heavy meals a day were served, with Marines pitching in to help with the rice, fish, C-rations, fruit and cigarettes. These volunteer messcooks were surprised to discover that rice, always associated with a Chinese meal, was taking a back burner to American C-rations. Many of the Chinese POWs had spent the last three years in UN prisoner compounds and had grown fond of C-rations. On the

first day out a delegation of Chinese approached SSgt. Whaley and asked that rice be served only once a day and the other meal built around the cans of C-rations.

Chow for the 1000 passengers created no problem on the morning of the second day at sea. By 0800 only four Chinese had appeared with their mess-gear. An investigation by the Nationalist officers revealed the Formosa bound Chinese had spent too much time on land and not enough at sea; all suffered the discomfort of a land locked soldier's nightmare—seasickness.

It was also on the second day that a passenger from the tank deck set up a flurry of excitement that broke the monotony of the guard details. The former member of the Chinese Volunteer Army in North Korea nonchalantly strolled out on deck and handed one of the Chinese Nationalist officers a fragmentation hand grenade. With equal unconcern the officer took the grenade and thanked him. Major Ervin, who spent almost all his time on deck except when he needed a few hours of sleep, took the pocket size lethal weapon and tossed it over the side.

The tension caused by the appearance of the grenade eased when the Chinese officer explained he had gone below and asked the passengers to turn in any dangerous weapons they might have brought aboard. The young ex-Red was only complying with the request.

In order to acquaint the Marines with a broader knowledge of their passengers' background Chiang Kai-shek's officers held several gabfests in their compartment. They told the Marines the former POWs had knives and swords below decks but no trouble was anticipated; they had carried the weapons throughout their stay in the Indian detention camps in the neutral zone. If the Reds from the north had decided to start the war again by coming into the zone and taking them back into the Communist fold, they would have staked their lives on freedom. Many of the 14,500 POWs had been members of Chiang's Army on the mainland of China and when the Generalissimo retreated to Formosa they had been unable to get to the coast and had been pressed into the Red Army. When the Chinese had marched into North Korea these Chinese had surrendered to the UN forces at the first opportune moment.

In order to show their loyalty to Free China's cause many had disfigured their arms and chest with crude tattoos which proclaimed in English and Chinese, "I am an Anti-Communist," "Anti-Red," and "Against Reds." These slogans were decorated with a map of China flying the Nationalist flag.

According to the officers all the Chinese ex-POWs would be afforded the opportunity of enlisting in Chiang Kai-shek's Army if they fell within the proper age bracket. Those too young would be sent to school and the older soldiers would be retired.

They also realized the possibility of Red agents infiltrating into Formosa in the ranks of the 14,500 passengers enroute to the island, but they had no qualms. One officer expressed the sentiments of the Free Chinese on Formosa when he said, "Once he has seen the freedom we enjoy, we of Free China hold no fears of a Chinese soldier wanting to leave our beautiful island except to join us in our invasion of the mainland."

On the fifth day of the trip the craggy coastline of Formosa eased through the misty air. Passengers and Marines alike crowded the rail as a Chinese destroyer pulled close to LST 643. Matching the LST's slow pace, the destroyer held a position within line-throwing distance; blue clad sailors of Chiang Kai-shek's Navy called greetings to the returnees on the LST. The former Red soldiers duplicated the Navy's exuberance with lustily sung martial airs they had composed while in prisoner of war camps. Marine sentries devised a rotation system to keep just a portion of the Chinese topside while the remainder stayed below awaiting their chance to participate in the first welcome by the fighting sons of Free China.

As the convoy crept closer to the port city of Keelung many more small craft appeared and excitement among

the passengers reached a high peak. All of the boats were decorated colorfully and on each boat one or two pretty Chinese girls formed part of the welcoming committee. Despite the heavy downpour of rain and cold wind, the girls wore the traditional dress of China, long black dresses slit high on the sides.

But both the passengers and the Marines were dealt a disappointing blow when the LSTs were ordered to drop anchor in the harbor; disembarkation would start at dawn the following morning. And that meant another night of Menu No. 1, a few desultory games of cards and a great deal of speculation on the prospects of liberty in Tai-peh or Keelung.

LST 643's convoy was the second to reach the port, the first had arrived the day before and departed after unloading its passengers. Consequently, the five LSTs of the second convoy would unload their passengers and clear the harbor for the third group scheduled to appear the following day. It was a second disappointment for the Marines of LST 643, after visions of visiting Keelung, picking up a few souvenirs and a meal other than sausages and ham.

Although the Marines' hope for a Formosan liberty had faded, the sight of thousands of Chinese lining the dock, the noise of thousands of firecrackers and the martial music of more than a dozen bands helped lighten the spirits of the Marines.

Once the LSTs were lashed to the dock, the Chinese passengers formed in orderly ranks (*continued on page 66*)



In Formosa, POWs shake clenched fists as they swear allegiance to Free China. Former Reds will be re-educated by Chiang Kai-shek



Open Season

by TSgt. Robert A. Suhosky
Leatherneck Staff Writer

Mitch saw them first, standing near the edge of a thicket, almost 300 yards away. He put the rifle to his shoulder

IT WAS AFTER DARK on Monday, December 21, when the car pulled into the little village of Holyrood, Newfoundland, and parked near the narrow gauge railroad tracks. The three men inside had planned to drive further but the roads were still in dangerous condition from a recent snowfall. They had gained only 60 miles in the two hours since leaving the Marine Detachment at Argentia.

"'Newfy Bullet' ought to be along in a few minutes," the driver said.

The others agreed, hoping that the train wouldn't be late. The night was cold. The trio slung bundled sleeping bags across their shoulders, hefted their slim rifles gently. First Lieutenant Leonard W. Deden, executive officer of the detachment, was toting a 30-30

Winchester carbine; the other men, Master Sergeant William A. Mitchell, the detachment's supply sergeant, and Sergeant Lawrence Janewicz, a cook, had 30-06 Springfields. They were loaded for moose.

Presently, the "Newfy Bullet" chugged alongside them, hissing steam. The men boarded the two-coach train and it throttled off. They found seats, stowed their gear and braced themselves for an uncomfortable trip as the antiquated iron pony clacked along, straining to reach its top speed of 25 miles per hour. They were prepared for a long, cold ride since the "Bullet" was minus the warmth of a pot-bellied stove normally found aboard north country streamliners of this type.

At three o'clock in the morning by Deden's watch, the Marines debarked

at a sleeping lumber camp in the northeastern timberland. They had traveled 120 miles in eight hours on the train. "Newfy Bullet," speed demon extraordinary, puffed out of camp. The Marines found the bunkhouse, unrolled their sleeping bags on the floor—and slept.

The following morning they downed a lumberjack breakfast of bread, beans, eggs and tea and, at eight o'clock, left the busy camp. Deden, Mitch, "Ski" (as Janewicz is known) and Albert Noseworthy, their 23-year-old guide, made fresh prints in the 14-inch snow as they headed through the forests toward the rising barrens. Marines have a reputation for not getting lost but Newfoundland law takes no chances; it requires that all hunting parties be accompanied by guides. Hunters be-



MSgt. William Mitchell, 1st Lt. Leonard Deden and Sgt. Lawrence Janewicz admire young bull moose



Three moose, estimated at 1000, 800, 600 pounds, were skinned and butchered in the Argentia galley

gin to appreciate the idea when they reach the swampy mountain plains. Albert was the railroad's agent at the lumber camp, and he knew the barrens as well as Marines know their serial numbers.

Slowed by the deep snow and the biting, frosty air, the party had hiked only six miles by noontime. It appeared that the lumberjacks had been right—the moose had vanished from this part of the barrens. Anyway, none had been seen in the area this year. They kept going.

An hour later, they crossed trails with three moose. The Marines went into a skirmish line and followed the tracks. Five frozen minutes on the trail brought them to the edge of a sparse, snow-covered plain.

Mitchell saw them first, 300 yards away, at the edge of a thicket. Three moose, standing erect, their long, fleshy muzzles held high, noses sniffing the air to find the source of the man-smell. None had the huge, palmate antlers of the bull moose, but it was open season. Mitch threw the rifle into his shoulder and squeezed!

The noise of Mitchell's shot sent Deden and Ski into action. Without pausing, they brought their weapons up and fired, almost simultaneously. All three moose dropped.

With the guide, they moved cautiously on the giant animals. The moose had gone down but perhaps they were only wounded, waiting for the man-enemy to come closer—close enough for the enraged animal to charge, its massive, unshapely head down, ready to butt the hunter with great force.

They reached the spot where the game had fallen but found only two of the animals dead in the snow. Two

cows had been felled by clean shots through their heads. Ski's moose was missing.

Behind them, sudden bellowing shook the branches. The wounded moose was in the thicket, broadcasting a last breath warning. There was no choice; the hunters went into the brush after it. Janewicz placed his second shot through the head of what turned out to be a young bull. The first slug had buried itself in the animal's huge shoulder.

The score: Four cartridges—three moose.

But the sporting phase of the hunt was over; the rest was work. The moose were bled and quartered on the spot. Skinning would come later, back



in the mess hall at Argentia. By leaving the hide on the quarters, they would have to sew burlap only on the flesh side of the piece to railroad the quarters to the Marine Detachment. But the quartering alone was slow business. Their tools, a K-bar and two carbine bayonets, didn't increase the pace. They were still hacking away on the first moose when snow began to fall. Newfoundland is no place to dally in the boondocks in a snow storm; they hoofed it back to camp.

At the lumber camp, the Marines were local heroes. The strapping lum-

berjacks, whose tales often surpassed the height of the trees they toppled, were skeptical. A prize of three moose in this part of the woods sounded like the winning entry in a lying contest. The hunters had proof, though. Some of the blood had stained their hands during the quartering.

On the hoof, conservative weights put the moose at 1000, 800 and 600 pounds each. That's a lot of moose, particularly when carried six miles through deep snow. At six o'clock the next morning, they went back to the scene of the kill. All day they dragged the disjointed carcasses to the railroad shack, using long ropes to gain leverage. They were still sewing burlap to the meat when the southbound "Newfy Bullet" arrived at three o'clock the morning of December 24. Deden, Mitch and Ski had worked 21 hours straight. And there was still one last quarter to sew.

Fortunately, there was no baggage car on the train; the meat would have to wait. Albert Noseworthy, the combination guide and railroad agent, volunteered to finish the sewing; the Marines could take the train. They fished \$14 from their pockets and handed it to Albert to pay for the freight. The mighty hunters arrived in Argentia at two o'clock, in time to thaw out before Christmas Eve tree-trimming festivities started. After a soaking in warm tubs, the cold and discomfort of the foray seemed far away.

Day after Christmas, the moose arrived. The troops ate moose steak that week.

Week after that, they had moose roasts.

Following week, mooseburgers. **END**



IN RESERVE

Edited by Sgt. Hazel D. Calden

Marine Mercury

Marine Corps track records have that brittle look since ex-Olympic star Bob Mathias was sworn into the Marine Corps Reserve as a 2nd Lieutenant. The 22-year-old decathlon champion joined the Marine Corps Reserve at Tulare, California. He will report to Quantico for active duty after completion of a motion picture based on his life.

Mathias won wide recognition in the 1948 Olympics when he was only 17 years old. After participation in the 1952 Olympics he turned professional. Now he plans to participate in athletics wherever he is stationed.



Former Olympic track star Bob Mathias was recently sworn into the Marine Corps Reserve as a 2nd Lt. by Captain Edward V. Easter



Unit Newspaper Awards

"The Cleveland Leatherneck," official news outlet of the 11th Infantry Battalion, of Cleveland, Ohio, has been awarded the John Barberio Trophy, given each year to the Marine Corps Reserve (Ground) unit publishing the best unit newspaper by mimeograph.

The trophy was named for Sgt. John Barberio, USMCR, who was killed in action on Iwo Jima, 21 February, 1945, while serving as a combat correspondent.

To be eligible for the award the unit must have published the paper for at least six months prior to the judging. Members of the Public Information Volunteer Training Unit, Marine Corps Reserve, Washington, D.C., narrowed the 47 contestants down to 10.

A committee headed by Colonel Winslow H. Randolph, Jr., selected the three place winners and seven for honorable mention.

Second place went to "The Beach-head," an entry from the 26th Special Infantry Company, Greensboro, N. C.



Members of the 53rd Special Infantry Company I&I Staff took time from their regular duties recently to

perform a "civic military function." They acted as Southern gunners in the film "Harbor of History"

Third place went to "The Sniper," printed by the 11th Special Infantry Company of Galveston, Texas. Papers selected for honorable mention were: "The South Florida Long Tom," "Rough and Ready," "The Word," "The Tun Tavern," "The Rifleman," "The Scuttlebutt," and "The Lanyard Snatcher."

"Celebrity Parade"

Members of the 90-mm. AAA Gun Battalion, Indianapolis, received a trophy for their assistance in "Celebrity Parade," the first Telethon Program to be televised from Indianapolis.

The show, which continued for 16 hours, for the benefit of the United Cerebral Palsy Campaign, opened with a Marine Color Guard. Sergeant Spencer of the I&I Staff appeared with the Cerebral Child of the year. Marines were stationed at the theater entrances, acted as escorts for celebrities, and aided the program committees.

9th District Reporter

"Operation Burley"

Members of the 61st Special Infantry Company, of Lexington, Ky., recently found a new way to help the March of Dimes. Members of the unit gathered



tobacco, donated by local farmers, as part of the huge "Operation Burley."

All proceeds from the sale were donated to the fight against polio. More than 25,000 pounds were weighed, sorted and stored.

The Guidon

Attendance Award

For the fourth straight quarter, the Sixth Supply Company, USMCR, of Memphis, has won the 6th District Director's drill attendance award. The award is given to the unit within the district attaining the highest percentage of drill attendance each calendar quarter.

Col. John F. Hough recently presented the Director's Banner to the unit's commanding officer, Captain George F. Dodson. The unit also received an engraved bronze plaque.

6th Dist. Info. Bulletin

Retirement Credits

A recent letter from CMC announces that reservists may earn reserve retirement credits for service with the Civil Air Patrol. MCRRD Directors are authorized to grant retirement credits for performance of associate duty with the CAP upon receipt of a CAP unit commander's certification of satisfactory performance of duty.

TURN PAGE



During a visit to NAS Grosse Ile, Mich., Air Force Maj. Gen. R. A. Grussendorf inspected the Marine Reserve honor guard



Lt. Col. W. Baugh received Kendall Cram Award from Larry D'Antoni



Sgt. Franklin Healy, USMCR, signs in after being admitted to practice before the Supreme Court Of The United States



Col. J. Lanigan, Director of 5th MCR&RD, gives sergeant's warrant to Jean Kahn. Only three days previously, Sgt. Kahn became a U. S. citizen

IN RESERVE (cont.)

Reenlistment Memo

According to Reserve Memo 26-53, MC Reservists may, at their own request, be discharged for the purpose of reenlisting in the Reserve for a definite period of three or four years provided they: have no obligated UMT service, are not presently serving on EAD, and have completed at least three years service on an indefinite term of enlistment.

Reserve Barrister

The highest ranking tribunal in the land recently recognized the legal ability of Marine Reserve Sergeant Franklin J. Healy, of Fayetteville, Ark.; he was admitted to practice before the Supreme Court of the United States.

Sgt. Healy, a former practicing attorney, is presently a clerk in the Staff Legal Office of the Second Marine Division, Camp Lejeune, N. C. In 1945, after nine years of Marine Corps service, he was discharged. He received his Bachelor of Laws degree from the University of Los Angeles in 1948 and later attended the University of Arkansas. Prior to the sergeant's recall to active duty in January, he had practiced law in Fayetteville.

Requisites for admission to the Supreme Court include a minimum of three years practice before a State Supreme Court and the signatures of two members of the Supreme Court Bar.

Silver Star

Posthumous award of the Silver Star was recently made to Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Parker, Mahomet, Ill. They are the parents of the late Pfc Richard V. Parker, who was killed in action Feb. 3, 1953, while serving as a rifleman of Company "A", First Battalion, Fifth Marines, First Division.

The award was made in the Parker home by Captain W. H. Marlowe, I&I of the 80th Special Infantry Company of Danville, Ill.

The citation, signed by the Secretary of the Navy, read in part, "By his dauntless courage, initiative, and selfless efforts in behalf of his fellow Marines, Pfc Parker served to inspire all who observed him and upheld the highest tradition of the United States Naval Service. He gallantly gave his life for his country."

9th District Reporter

Triple Jackpot

Former Marine Jean Paul H. M. Kahn had a busy week recently; he became a citizen of the United States, was promoted to sergeant and received an honorable discharge all within a few days.

Through the efforts of Colonel John R. Lanigan, Director of the 5th Reserve and Recruitment District at Henderson Hall, Arlington, Va., Kahn received his final citizenship papers in a minimum of time. Three days later, the colonel promoted him to sergeant. A few days later, Sgt. Kahn was released to inactive duty. As a member of the Reserve he will continue his affiliation with the Marine Corps.

5th District PIO

END

Gyrene Gyngles

Gentlemen Rankers, USMC

We're not so old on the Navy List, but we're not so new at our trade,
For we had the honor in '98, of meeting the Don's brigades.
'Twas Huntington, Cochrane, Elliot and Neville who led us then—
Pipeclay, spit-and-polish, yes—but front-line fighting men.

We are now beached and secure from strife,
Living o'er again years of the drum and file—
How the old scenes call us back! Then the word from the orderly room:
Fall in Marines, full packs.
Some presidente's on the run, some jefe wants his job:
Revolution, pillage, burn and kill; the "pack" on the loose to rob.

Names: The Butlers, Dalys and all "Honor" men of the Old Corps' fighting band.
An honor ours to have known them, and treasure the clasp of their hand.
Some dined aft in the wardroom, some berthed 'tween decks on the hooks.
Fore and aft met at "General Quarters," in grim teamwork not gleaned from books.

For some a "must" study of Clausewitz, with Jomini next on the slate;
While others in squadrooms shined bright-work, then ashore for a few beers and a date.
Now Old Charon has boasted them over; old tales at their camp fires relate:
With a "watch" posted for our coming, to the Halls of Valhalla in state.

Old memories awake, the war drums still beating;
Face to the foe, our lads charge him again,
Hiking, fighting and griping, while sight-
ing—
Got you, old coco, adios, amen.
There's no morale change 'twixt the then and the now,
For the old breed spawned the new;
See the steamers, strange names on their battle flags,
Never question their derring-do.

More Corps history was made at a "Reservoir," before that, Suribachi Hill.
How this new breed garners medals!
Their goal: to be in at the kill.
They came, they saw, they conquered—
three Vs in ancient lore;
This band of fighting Leathernecks. Their toast: Our Country and Our Corps.

Why the burr in the throat, why the mist in the eye,
When we break out the old blue shirt?
And the crumpled, bedraggled campaign hat,
Grimed, too, with jungle-trail dirt.

Farewell
No, we're not so old on the Navy List, and full proud to be posted there;
Proud, too, while our memories take the road back,
That the New Breed lines up four-square.

Major Frank D. Creamer, USMC (Ret.)

Voice Of Our Uniform

Whether I'm blue, khaki, white or green,
Please keep me pressed, neat and clean.
For 'tis me gallant heroes proudly wore.
I'm the greatest symbol of your Corps.

My brass and shoes may need a shine.
Then shine them, pal; you'll look just fine.
Keep buttons and chevrons secure and tight.
And sleeve and trouser lengths just right.

My tie please knot in "four-in-hand."
Keep me straight! I know you can.
If my collar curls and won't behave,
Fasten the ends with a collar stay.

Strangers don't speak—they only see.
Yet they are judging you by me.
If I'm wrinkled, baggy or torn
It hurts me not. It's you they'll scorn.

So wear me complete, right and smart,
"Esprit de corps" within your heart.

2d Lt. James A. Everts, USMC





"Now, we'll put the main gate about 100 miles from here."

FEBRUARY CRAZY CAPTION WINNER

The winning Crazy Caption for the February issue photograph was submitted by Staff Sergeant James A. Minnaji. The sergeant is assigned to the Marine Recruiting Station at New Kensington, Pa.

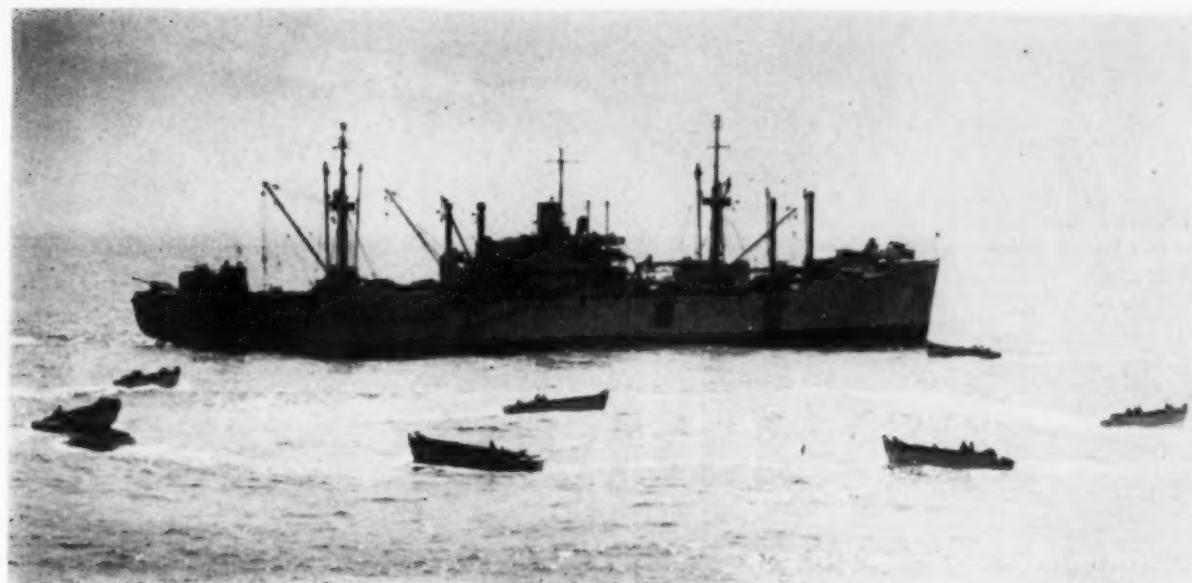
Crazy Captions



"She takes her sunbath right here every day at 1400."



"Whaddya mean, alibi?"



"Cluck! Cluck! Cluck!"

CRAZY CAPTION CONTEST

HERE'S another chance for readers to dream up their own Crazy Captions.

Leatherneck will pay \$25.00 for the craziest caption received before June 1, 1954. It's easy. Think up a crazy caption for the picture at the right, print it on the line below the photo and fill in your name and complete address.

Tear out the picture and coupon and mail to Leatherneck Magazine, P.O. Box 1918, Washington 13, D.C.

The winning caption will be published in the July issue.



NAME _____

ADDRESS IN FULL

We-the Marines



Edited by MSgt. Paul Sarokin



Official USMC Photo

Brig. Gen. R. Anderson, Maj. Gen. H. Linscott and Col. J. Willey review parade honoring Lejeune's first Supply Officer Class grads

Pall Mall Award

One of the Marine Corps' first combat correspondents and a former member of the *Leatherneck* editorial staff recently received national recognition for outstanding journalism when he won the Pall Mall Award.

Art Mielke, now a reporter for the Washington Times-Herald, won the trophy for exposing several nursery home deaths in Prince Georges County, Md. His expose led to an indictment and conviction of the woman who ran the home. It also resulted in a closer look at the laws governing county and state nursery homes, and led to some reforms in those laws.

Mielke enlisted in May, 1942, and was sent to Melbourne, Australia six months later. He covered the Cape

Gloucester and New Britain invasions as a combat correspondent with the First Divvies.

NBC's national hook-up featured the highlights of the former Marine's prize winning article on its Big Story program last January. It will also appear on TV in the near future.

Dime Munch

A Parris Island recruit has a novel method of doubling his money, particularly silver species of legal tender; he just bites it in half.

The coin-chewer is ex-circus strong man, Pvt. Joe Johnston, Jr., undergoing recruit training with Platoon 34, Second Recruit Training Battalion.

Once billed on the circus midway as "The Great Joel," the 22-year-old na-

tive of Tupelo, Miss., can twirl a 300-pound weight around his head, supporting it only with his teeth.

Aside from his "coin of the realm" trick, the 165-pound muscleman-turned-Marine has numerous other unusual physical feats in his repertoire.

He bends steel spikes with his hands, holds heavy wooden chairs perpendicular to his body (using only his teeth), and can lift 420 pounds off the deck.

Johnston's unique career began at the age of 12 when he startled his home-town gentry with his unusual ability to bite coins in half.

At 16, he joined a traveling sideshow. Later he was spotted and signed by circus scouts. Joe remained with the circus as a featured performer until his entry into the Marine Corps recently.

The soft-spoken Johnston is frankly



modest about his fantastic prowess and prefers to talk about his new career in the Marines.

First Lieutenant James E. Fowler, his company commander, regards the ex-circus trouper as an excellent Marine.

A fellow member of Johnston's platoon, duly impressed after witnessing the strong man bite a coin in half, muttered: "Man, what a DI he'd make."

1st Lt. J. E. Coleman, Jr.
PIO Parris Island



UP Photo

Five hundred recruits from Cleveland, Ohio area are sworn in at Radio Station WHK's Studio One.

Buckeye Buddy Battalion is the largest recruited by Cleveland's Marine Corps Recruiting Station



Photo by TSgt. Charles Tyler

Joanne Cangi, second from left, won Marine Corps League's Orange County (California) beauty contest. Sergeant Lloyd Dawson approves

Land, Air, and Underseas

Most Marine pilots won't discount the kind of land-sea-air duty displayed on recruiting posters, but two, Cherry Point pilots carried the triple-threat theme a step further; they volunteered to do a little "underseas" duty.

Captains C. E. Deering and W. M. Dwiggin of VMF-122, battled the icy Pamlico Sound waters to recover a \$400,000 Panther Jet which had crashed the previous day.

Recovery of the plane from 12 feet of salt water before erosion could damage the delicate electronic equipment posed a problem. By the time professional divers could be requisitioned from Norfolk, reclamation of the valuable instruments might be impossible.

The two captains volunteered to go out with a salvage crew and put the hooks to the submerged plane. Without benefit of underwater breathing devices and equipped only with diving goggles, swim fins and sweat suits, the pilots spent more than an hour submerged in the near-freezing water fastening hoists to the sunken jet.

TURN PAGE



Official USMC Photo

Rear Admiral E. B. Harp, Jr., Chief of Navy Chaplains, presents a religious painting by Charles Dye to General L. C. Shepherd, Jr.



Official USMC Photo

MSgt. John P. Virbila, First Marine Division, burns the midnight lantern while studying for his Nebraska University Master's Degree

WE—THE MARINES (cont.)

When they pin-pointed the cockpit, Capt. Dwiggins checked the ejection seat to be sure that the safety pin for the seat firing mechanism was intact so that the 20-mm. charge wouldn't fire while they were at work.

On subsequent dives the two officers removed the plate from the top of the fuselage and attached a hoisting cable. Then they encountered their biggest obstacle.

The cockpit canopy rod, of tool steel, was in the direct path of the cable

and had to be bent out of the way. They had to dive together, get a firm grip on the rod with their hands, brace their feet against the side of the fuselage, and heave with all their combined strength.

They were forced to make several dives before the rod was moved far enough to clear the hoisting cable.

On their final dive, they attached the cable and were hoisted aboard the salvage barge. Warm blankets, then some dry clothing and hot coffee helped to bring the captains' temperatures up to normal. At the dispensary, the doc pronounced them none the worse for their exposure.

Salvage experts estimate that 75 to 80 percent of the jet's equipment will now be salvaged, thanks to the two deep-sea diving pilots.

To economy-minded taxpayers, this one-hour operation meant a substantial saving of more than a quarter of a million dollars.

Pfc James Allen
PIO Cherry Point

Knowledge Will Out

A 33-year-old Marine master sergeant who believes "it's never too late to learn" graduated from the University of Nebraska—while serving in Korea.

MSgt. John P. Virbila, Oakville, Conn., now with the 11th Marine Artillery Regiment, First Marine Division, has earned his Bachelor of Science degree from Nebraska U. by diligently completing MCI and USAFI courses.

Virbila's wife, LaVonne, and their two daughters were present for the graduation ceremonies at the university. LaVonne accepted her husband's BS degree in Mechanical Engineering.

MSgt. Virbila, a veteran of World War II, began his college education in 1947 after returning to inactive duty with the Marine Reserve. He studied for two years at the University of Connecticut, then moved to Nebraska where he continued his education at the University in Lincoln.

He was recalled to active duty following the outbreak of the Korean War, and assigned to recruiting duty, where he was able to continue his studies through night courses until June, 1952.

After a tour with the Third Division at Camp Pendleton, Calif., he joined the First Division last April. As quick as he could drop his seabag, Virbila applied for correspondence courses to continue his studies.

In addition to acquiring his BS degree, Virbila was commended for being in the upper third of his graduating class. He received a personal letter of congratulations from the Dean of the university, expressing "greatest admiration for the perseverance shown in the pursuit of higher attainment."

He is still studying. Now Virbila's working on his Master's Degree.

TSgt. Earl Wilson
PIO First Marine Division

Official Channels

MSgt. Tim O'Donoghue of the Third Marine Division is taking a longer look these days at a printed reminder on his desk that reads: "Think—there must be a harder way to do it!" He has a good reason to.



Official USMC Photo

Cpl. Richard McKee and Sgt. Hugh Hilliard are the lucky ones selected as "Marines of the Month,"

at MCAS, El Toro, Calif. Winners, posing with chorus line, get all expense trip to Las Vegas



Official USMC Photo

"Battle Cry" production crew, W. Guthrie, R. Saunders, R. Walsh and Col. H. P. Crowe, meet at HQMC with Col. R. F. Crist, Jr. (center)

His official request for an eight-mile jeep ride recently bounced between Camp Fisher, Japan and Camp Pendleton, Calif., then ricocheted back to

Third Marine Division Headquarters at Camp Gifu.

On TAD orders from Headquarters Battalion to Camp Fisher, O'Donoghue

had completed his assignment and was preparing to return to Camp Gifu. But he lacked transportation for the last leg of his trip—a ride from the Gifu railroad station to camp.

If you have ever been to the Far East you know the telephone situation there. You can spend hours trying to get the switchboard. After exasperating attempts to telephone Camp Gifu from Camp Fisher, the sergeant, in a moment of desperation, contacted Camp Fisher's ham radio station. He requested that a message be sent informing his office of his arrival time so that transportation could be provided.

Unable to contact Gifu's ham station, the Fisher operator sent the message to Camp Pendleton. There it was given a priority classification and flashed back to Camp Gifu—a total of 12,000 miles.

O'Donoghue found a jeep waiting for him when he stepped off the train.

PIO Third Marine Div.
END

Staff NCO Transfers

Compiled by
TSgt. John P. McConnell



Each month *Leatherneck* publishes names of the top three pay grade personnel transferred by Marine Corps Special Orders. We print as many as space permits. These columns list abbreviations of both old and new duty stations.

This feature is intended primarily to provide information whereby Marines may maintain a closer contact with this important phase of the Corps.

This listing is for information purposes only, and is NOT to be construed as orders.

MASTER SERGEANTS

ALFORD, Oscar H. (3139) HQMC to Pen FFT
ANDERS, Robert A. (4139) Mar-Poc to HQMC
ANDERSON, Charles J. (3534) ForTrpsFMFlant Lej to Pen FFT
ANDREWS, Alva M. (2639) FMF-PocTrps Pen to AirFMFPac El-Toro
AUGUSTUS, Charles R. (2519) I&I 70thSpltCo USMCR Hartford to Pen FFT
BALCER, Julian H. (4621) 4th-MCRD Phila to Pen FFT
BALFORT, Abraham J. (5519) Air-FMFpac El-Toro to overseas
BALL, John R. (3529) FMFPacTrps Pen to Pen FFT
BARS, Ralph C. (0149) 4thMCRD Phila to 2dMAW CherPt
BEASLEY, Harvey L. (2529) Mar-SigDet USS Mt Olympus to MCRD SD
BEASLEY, William J. (3029) Lej to Pen FFT
BECKWITH, Alfred (3519) FMF-PocTrps Pen to Pen FFT
BELL, Elbert T. (6419) MAD NAS PaxRiv to 2dMAW CherPt
BISHOP, Lawrence F. (5519) Mar-Poc to Pen FFT
BISKETT, Joseph (3019) MCDS Phila to Pen FFT
BLANKENSHIP, Daniel T. (0149) MarPac to MARTD MARTC Birmingham
BLASINGAME, Aubrey W. (5849) FMFlant Norfolk to Pen FFT
BOSSARD, Kenneth (5849) I&I 4.5" RocketBn USMC Dallas to Quant
BOWEN, Leon R. (0149) Quant to 2dMAW CherPt
BRANNAN, John W. (0319) MCRD PI to Quant
BROWN, Morris C. (3529) FMF-PocTrps Pen to MCRD PI
BRIGGS, Wallace R. (0149) Mar-Poc to Lej
BUCKLES, Lawrence L. (0819) MTG-20 AirFMFlant CherPt to MCRD PI
BULLARD, Edwin (0419) FMFPac-Trps Pen to Pen FFT

BUZBEE, Sidney J. (0149) MCRD PI to AirFMFPac El-Toro FFT
CABE, Elwood (0319) MCRD PI to Quant
CAGANICH, George J. (2669) AirFMFPac El-Toro to Pen FFT
CALLAHAN, Howard L. (3419) FMFlant Norfolk to Pen FFT
CANSDELLE, Carroll J. (6619) MCAB CherPt to AirFMFPac El-Toro
CARTER, Jay (3379) ForTrps-FMFlant Lej to Pen FFT
CAVES, Rouston F. (0819/4969) ForTrpsFMFlant Lej to MCRD PI
CHESHIER, Thomas D. (1819) MarPac to MCRD PI
CHESTNUT, Arthur B. (4611) 3d-MAW Miami to MAD NABATRACOM Pensacola
CHITTIM, Hershel M. (0149) I&I 23dSpltCo Tacoma to Pen FFT
CHRISTENBURY, Robert D. (0319) 2dMarDiv Lej to MCRD PI
COOTE, Bruce (3269) MarPac to AirFMFPac El-Toro FFT
COWART, Woodrow C. (3149) Lej to Quant
CRANDALL, John A. (3019) I&I SpltCo USMCR Lynchburg Va to Quant
CROW, Robert (3519) FMFPac-Trps Pen to Lej
CULLMAN, Vernon L. (0819) 2d-MarDiv Lej to MB NB Norfolk
DE LAPP, Francis J. (3219) Mar-Poc to Pen FFT
DENTON, Sam L. (3379) Lej to Pen FFT
DEWEY, Edward E. (2519) ForTrpsFMFlant Lej to MCRD SD
DIETZ, John L. (0169) ForTrps-FMFlant Lej to Treasure Is FFT
EMERSON, Ralph W. (2569) I&I 1st 90mm AAA GunBn USMCR Freemansburg Pa to Pen FFT
ENGLAND, Luther (3419) MB NB Phila to Lej
FALES, William E. (0849) 2dMarDiv Lej to Pen FFT
FARGIE, Oscar S. Jr. (2639) FMFPacTrps Pen to AirFMFPac El-Toro FFT
FARRAR, William J. Jr. (0149) Quant to Treasure Is FFT

FARRITOR, John F. J. (3014) 3d105mmHowBtry USMCR Ft Worth to Quant
FEAKER, Robert L. (6619) MAD NATECHTRACEN Memphis to AirFMFPac El-Toro FFT
FERRIS, Andrew C. (3419) 2d-MarDiv Lej to Pen FFT
FITCH, Allen (3519) MCFwdDep Portsmouth Va to Lej
FREDERIKSEN, George F. (0149) 2dMAW CherPt to MARTD MARTC Akron
GALLAGHER, William H. (3379) Quant to FMFPac
GARRELL, Bobby B. (2519) I&I 4th-SigCo USMCR Cincinnati to Pen FFT
GILLIGAN, John J. (1841) 2d-MarDiv Lej to MCRD PI
GUNDLACH, Bently D. (0149) MARC MARTD Glenview Ill to MarPac
GUSTAFSON, Theodore B. (3519) Lej to Pen FFT
HALE, Forrest H. (4611) 3dMAW Miami to MAD NABATRACOM Pensacola
HAWKER, Jesse M. (0149) HQMC to FMFPacTrps Pen
HAYDOCK, Eugene S. (2619) ForTrpsFMFlant Lej to Pen FFT
HELMIS, Kirby L. (6419) Quant to AirFMFPac El-Toro
HERBERT, Armand L. (2539) FMF-PocTrps Pen to AirFMFPac El-Toro FFT
HILL, Hovey B. Jr. (0339) MB NPG Dahlgren Va to MCRD PI
HILL, James E. (0149) MCFwdDep Portsmouth Va to AirFMFPac El-Toro
HOFFMAN, Kenneth J. (2539) Air-FMFpac El-Toro to MCRD SD
HUDDLESTON, Edward T. (0149) MCFwdDep Portsmouth Va to MCRD PI
HULO, Joseph A. Jr. (6439) MAD NATECHTRACEN Jax Fla to 2d-MAW CherPt
HUMMER, Ralph L. (3024) Lej to MCDS Albany Ga
JACKSON, William L. (3024) 2d-MarDiv Lej to Pen FFT
JANOT, William Jr. (3379) HQMC to 2dMAW CherPt

JESTER, Joseph A. (1369) MCRD PI to Quant
JONES, Rufus C. Jr. (0149) HQMC to 3dMAW Miami
KINCEY, Bedford (0149) AirFMFPac El-Toro to 2dNAW CherPt
KIRK, Albert K. Jr. (3039) Mar-Poc to Pen FFT
KLEINE, Walter F. (3029) Mar-Poc to Pen FFT
KOENIG, Fred E. (0231) 2dMarDiv Lej to MD HqCinClanFit Norfolk
LAMBERT, Colman S. (3139) Quant to Pen FFT
LAMSON, Merrill J. S. (7041) Quant to Treasure Is FFT
LEADY, Richard E. (0119) MarPac to MCRD PI
LEE, Samuel W. (0149) HQMC to Lej
LE GRAND, Bud H. (0119) FMF-PocTrps Pen to MarPac
LENN, Frederick W. Sr. (5239) MCAS El-Toro to AirFMFPac El-Toro FFT
LEWIS, Richard B. (0169) MarPac to Pen FFT
LUND, Jack W. (2639) FMFPacTrps Pen to Pen FFT
MAC FARLAND, Robert W. (3379) FMFPacTrps Pen to Pen FFT
MASON, Charles D. (3139) Mar-Poc to MCRD PI
MAYERCIN, William P. (6819) MB NAS Lakehurst to Quant
MC ALLISTER, Jesse R. (0149) AirFMFPac El-Toro to MARTD MARTC NOrleans
MC BRIDE, Frank J. (0149) Hellen MARC Glenview Ill to El-Toro
MC CARTY, Ray Y. (0319) Mar-Poc to Treasure Is FFT
MC CLOSSY, Fred S. (3539) FMFPacTrps Pen to Pen FFT
MC CONNELL, Stanley H. (0149) MCRD PI to PEN FFT
MC CORMICK, William H. (0339) MB NB Boston to 2dMarDiv Lej
MC DEVITT, Homer J. (4939) El-Toro to Pen FFT
MC LAUGHLIN, John A. (4119) HQMC to FMFPac
MC SWEENEY, Terence W. (4139) HQMC to MB NAD Hastings Neb
MERRILL, Russell (3029) MCFwdDep Portsmouth Va to Pen FFT
MERITT, Herbert Jr. (0149) Mar-Poc to Pen FFT
MILLER, Walter R. (0149) 2d-MAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El-Toro FFT
MINER, Herbert H. (6419) 2d-MAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El-Toro FFT
MISKOVIC, Emil W. (3419) FMF-Poc to 2dMarDiv Lej
MOATS, Stanley D. (0212) Lej to MarPac
MYSLEK, Joseph T. (0169) Mar-Poc to Treasure Is FFT
NEATON, Bernard W. (3439) Mar-Poc to Pen FFT
NOWAK, Francis S. (3419) Mar-Poc to Pen FFT
NUGENT, William O. (3034) MCB Lej to 2dMarDiv Lej
O'FARRELL, Francis T. (0149) 2dMAW CherPt to MARTD MARTC Glenview Ill
PADEN, Marcus A. (2219) Quant to Pen FFT
PAYNE, Howard M. (0319) MCRD PI to Pen FFT
PERRY, Harold L. (3024) MarPac to I&I 32dSpltCo USMCR San Bernardino Cal
POSEY, William A. (6619) MAD NATECHTRACEN Memphis to AirFMFPac El-Toro FFT
POWELL, Theron (3519) ForTrps-FMFlant Lej to Pen FFT
PROVENCHER, Raymond J. (3139) MarPac to AirFMFPac El-Toro FFT
PULLEN, Edward B. Jr. (0319) 2dMarDiv Lej to MCB Lej

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 64)

SEA URCHIN

[continued from page 30]

Sea Urchin three to six knots per hour, depending on the wind.

In the chow-down department, Phyllis Mandler is the chef. The galley stocks a three-month supply of staples, including enough ingredients to provide a daily baking of bread or rolls. Canned vegetables, ham and chicken—plus the Mandler favorite, canned beef stew—comprise the major ingredients of the larder. Phyllis plans to supplement the menu with native food procured along the way, and fishing poles should hit pay dirt in the plentiful Caribbean waters. Art, along with his rifles, will provide the fresh game, and in the event the meat proves tough, the *Sea Urchin* carries a portable meat grinder.

Navigation chores for the cruise are the lot of the male half of the crew. For several months, Art has studied coast-wise piloting, and the Mandlers have spent many hours poring over the latest navigational charts from the U. S. Hydrographic Bureau. As a supplement to the marine compass, a ship-to-shore telephone system can be used to contact shore installations for the latest



weather reports, and in the event of serious emergency, for a frantic come-and-get-us.

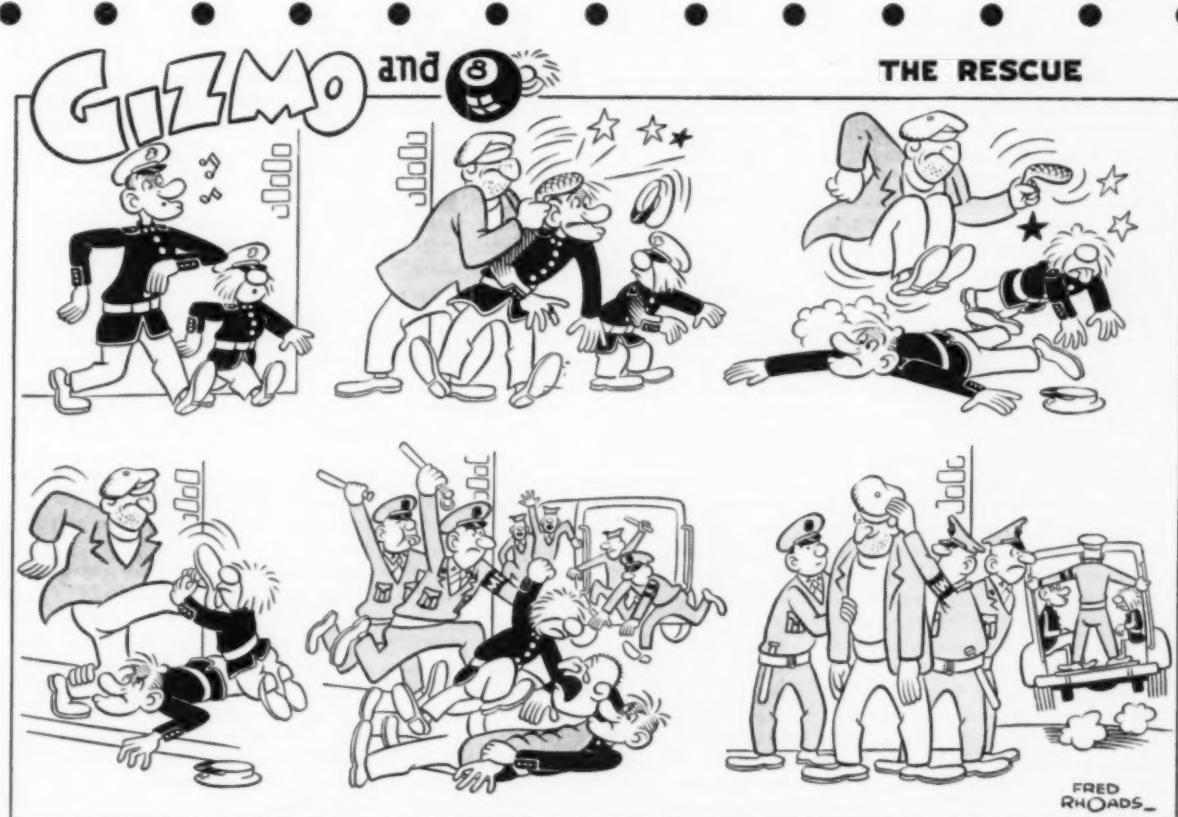
The agenda for the cruise is a loose and relaxed one. The *Sea Urchin* and crew will tie up when it strikes their fancy, and move on when it doesn't. From San Diego, the Mandlers headed South; they intend to shuttle through the Panama Canal, and then sail northward to Miami, Fla. The next leg will take them along the coast of South America to the Island of Trinidad, through the Lesser Antilles Group, and then into Cuba. Beyond these major

stopping points, the Mandlers refused to speculate. The original plans called for a go-where-we-please cruise, and they intend to follow the plot to the letter.

Arthur Mandler is hoping the cruise will pay for its own way. He plans to write travel articles and features on people and places, and submit them to editors via the mail route. In addition to his typewriter, the *Sea Urchin* carries a full complement of photographic gear and equipment: cameras, developing tanks, film, photographic enlarger, and a stock of color film to be stored in the refrigerator. But whether the travel articles sell or not, the cruise promises to be an ideal vacation.

Shortly before publication, Leatherneck received word that a mishap off the shore of Mexico's South Coronado Island had temporarily delayed progress on the Mandler's cruise. Twenty miles southwest of San Diego a fouled anchor chain let the craft drift into treacherous rocks. A fishing boat rescued the former Marine and his wife, and their crippled sloop was towed in by the Coast Guard. Undaunted by the unfortunate turn of fate, Mandler declared, "We'll try it again . . ."

END





Policemen and their families enjoy the academy pool. The academy evolved from a social club founded by the Los Angeles police in 1925

POLICE ACADEMY

[continued from page 25]

international shoots in Mexico, Cuba and throughout the United States, and the prowess of the team is evidenced by the more than 100 trophies on exhibit at the academy.

"I've shot in competition against a lot of Marines," Sgt. Stark recalls, "and some of them were pretty fair shots. I remember the Mitchell brothers, Captain Barrier, Colonel Walsh and Morris Fisher. Those boys were real shooters."

Among the handful of pistol shooters who have ever broken 2600 in a 2700 aggregate individual match, two of them have been members of the Los Angeles Police Department. Stark is especially proud of this fact. "But I've got to admit," Stark grins, "your Colonel Walsh is up in there too."

The academy operates two pistol ranges. One is a conventional 25-yard range, and the other, a brand new, 42-target, hydraulically operated combat range. The combat range is the result of long study, research and compilation of statistics and opinions. Because the majority of gun battles are encountered by police officers without warning and at close quarters, split-second timing can well mean the difference between life and death. The new range is designed to give the Los Angeles police officer that split-second advantage. The combat firing course is executed from three positions. Each target consists of three silhouettes electrically controlled from a central booth. From the first position, seven yards from the target, three seconds are allowed for five shots from a crouching stance.

But, at the last possible second before the targets are turned to face the shooters, a loud-speaker announces which one of the three targets will receive the five shots. The unhappy shooter who places his shots in the wrong target receives "the word" in select phrases which would do justice to a campaign-hatted Marine Corps range coach. From the second combat position, 12 yards from the targets, six seconds are allowed for five shots from an upright position. At the third position, sighting from the side of a barricade, the shooter gets off five shots, single action, first with the right hand, then with the left.

Pistol requalification alternates between the two ranges, and all hands shoot each range six times per year. As an incentive for good shooters, the L. A. Department offers shooting bonuses. A marksman draws two dollars a month for a year; a sharpshooter four dollars; and an expert, eight dollars a month for the year. Any officer who fires 385 out of a possible 400 for a six-month period becomes a distinguished expert, and draws 16 dollars per month for the year. Both ranges and the advice of expert coaches are available to practice shooters every day. Although each officer must pay for his own ammunition, the academy reloads its own cases at a cost of two cents per round, and there is no shortage of shooters. Officer Joseph Blackford, a former Marine and one of the top pistol shots on the force, is a coach assigned to the range and follows a daily routine of demonstrating for eager listeners the fine points of dropping them in the black.

During the latter stages of training, the cadets receive more and more on-the-job training. Field problems, night

combat shooting and field trips to the city jail, morgue and traffic courts prepare the new officers for future duty. During the Christmas holiday season when traffic was heavy students were assigned to the traffic division and posted at busy downtown intersections. A large public turnout anywhere in the city will find the cadet class prominently at work.

The policewomen of Los Angeles have not been forgotten in the agenda of the academy. A one-month cadette course prepares the female contingent for a place in the department. Although training for the women is basically the same as that of their male counterparts, a greater emphasis is placed on welfare and rehabilitation, juvenile law and jail procedure. But in the firearms department, the women receive no special dispensation; they hit the firing line every day of their cadette training. And after watching the cadettes fill the silhouette targets with a series of business-like holes from their snub-nosed, .38 caliber detective specials, we developed a measure of respect which rose when we discovered from the range boss, Sgt. Walter Stark, that two policewomen are now drawing expert pistol bonus pay.

The financial outlook for the police profession is not too bright. In Los Angeles—one of the highest paid departments in the United States—the average police officer takes home approximately \$164 twice a month. Out of this, he buys his own uniforms, pistol, ammunition and other equipment. Eventually he may become a captain and take home a semi-monthly pay of \$249. And as a captain he may be responsible for the lives and property of one-third of a million people.

Despite the financial drawback, the Los Angeles Police Department is attracting a goodly share of top notch men. More than 1500 members of the department attended college before entering the force, or are now enrolled in university level studies. Many hold degrees in Law, Sociology, Science and other fields, and more than 1400 of the city's finest are working toward Bachelors and Masters degrees. They are policemen because they like the work and because they like people in general.

Now more than ever we're convinced of one thing: The combination of alert, intelligent young men and women, coupled with the nation's finest police academy is going to be pretty hard to beat. It might be a good idea for the two million inhabitants of the City of Angels to stay right within the connotation of the name. Crime offers mighty slim pickings in the City of Los Angeles.

END

CLAIM YOUR BOND!

Headquarters Marine Corps is holding more than \$200,000 worth of unclaimed Savings, Defense and War Bonds. If your name is listed below, claim your bond by writing to the Commandant of the Marine Corps, Code CDC, Savings Unit, Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington 25, D.C. Include your name, current address, serial number and signature.

ALE, Vaalele T. 1351589
ALLICK, Vernon A. 1225609
ANDERSON, Samuel W. Jr.
1204007

AREY, Eugene L. 663732

ATKINSON, Robert E. 659547

BATTERN, Herbert H. 366520

BECENTI, Dennis T. 1208169

BELCHER, William C. 1192363

BENACKA, Robert J. 657981

BENTLEY, Donald E. 658565

BETANCOURT, Guillermo 632908

BIFULCO, Carmine T. 1254084

BLACK, Harvey L. 1291806

BONE, Theodore C. Jr. 1058430

BOURDETTE, Leonard C. 330044

BOWLING, Charles B. 669058

BRADBURY, William 666523

BRANDENBURG, Fred E. 1120412

BREWER, Donald H. 1094498

BRICKLER, Frank 1308657

BRONCATO, Leonard J. 1285065

BROWN, Arthur C. 1123987

BROWN, George R. 1189922

BROWN, Robert C. 1227108

BRUG, Jacob Jr. 355493

BUCHANAN, Ronald J. 904783

BURDINE, Amos L. 1218440

BURNS, George E. Jr. 565971

BURT, George E. 609595

BUTNER, John E. 656581

CAMPBELL, Patrick J. 644362

CANYOCK, Robert A. 1114050

CARPENTER, Robert L. 1136539

CARTER, Billie G. 1070808

CASSIDY, Carrie I. 704282

CAVANAUGH, George E. 1044375

CHAMBERLIN, Donald E. 657740

CHARNETSKI, Joseph A. 289133

CHILDRESS, Teddy M. 664595

CIESZYNSKI, Robert J. 970228

CLARK, William L. 667832

COCO, John A. 662613

COLL, Edward K. 359054

COLLORA, Raymond J. Jr. 592272

CONNOLY, Thomas P. 295242

COOPER, Clyde H. 655006

CORNISH, Audrey J. 354048

COSTANZO, Rodolfo C. 978807

COX, Horace E. 825476

CROMER, Fred 668367

CULBERT, Wynnard C. 456501

CUNNINGHAM, George C.

1005513

DANDENEAU, Edward L. 1072444

DANIEL, Robert L. 1207974

DAVIS, Alison F. 807720

DAVIS, Russell G. 416837

DEEGAN, Daniel C. 642083

DELAVERN, Chester L. 1106680

DEMERE, Gerry D. 636269

DENT, Frederick B. 448972

DESIOTO, John A. 1336974

DIFEO, Johnathon 1150052

DINEEN, Henry L. 585361

DOLAN, Rosemary R. 761771

DOMINICI, Manuel 628140

DORSEY, Desmond E. 1218677

DOWER, John C. 805202

DUCLOS, Donald M. 654072

DUKE, Norman C. 832184

DURKIN, Donald J. 669542

DYKTON, Thomas M. 618368

EDMONSTON, William J. 801398

EGGERT, Charles W. 655962

ELLIOTT, Neil A. 638466

ELLISON, Clarence W. 992662

ERB, John H. 1324413

EVANS, Earl 649134

FAIN, Evan 605261

FARRELL, Francis X. 1102982

FEKETE, James 656404

FOIRE, Ralph J. Jr. 953560

FITCH, Robert D. 463374

FLINK, Frank L. 1123352

FLORES, Victor G. 1084005

FORD, William W. 589013

FRAME, Glenn F. 1155780

FRASER, Norman L. 1240471

FREEMAN, Tom 219506

FROOM, Raymond S. 626643

FUNK, Floyd W. 477499

GALLO, Tomas F. 1214698

GARNER, Steve J. 916873

GAUTIER, Frank O. 231202

GILES, James 1357995

GINN, Elbert L. 462270

GLOMB, Edward 952794

GOLLONG, Helga M. 764142

GORDON, Scott T. 1324378

GRANT, Lawrence D. 669313

GREEN, Carol D. 1331934

GREENWAY, John E. 645154

GROOMS, Lester L. 1005682

GUERRERO, Philip 1150899

HAGLUND, Ronald E. 1296271

HALE, Ralph E. 353487

HALLEY, John E. 642377

HAMEL, Jean H. 413313

HAMILTON, Horlon H. 1266141

HANOHANO, Joseph Jr. 1073976

HANSON, Charles L. 632364

HARPER, Clarence L. 917024

HARRIS, Warren J. 504732

HARVEY, Bruce G. 1314757

HAUK, Clarence E. 1207052

HAYASHI, Elwood M. 1199793

HEALY, Janice M. 703783

HELGESEN, William A., Jr. 1117913

HENDERSON, John F. 1116269

HERBST, Frank 886815

HESTER, Paul B. 670155

HILBERN, Elba T. 840261

HILTS, Earl C. 1195815

HINTON, Emmet Jr. 1221133

HOFFMAN, David M. Jr. 872643

HOLIEN, Harold B. 865726

HONAKER, Linvil A. 1244347

HOULETTE, Delbert R. 1095672

HOWELL, Isse M. 1325175

HUGGINS, Benjamin R. 935499

HUMPHREY, Kenneth R. 1176613

HUNTER, Paul T. 1092278

HYLAND, Richard J. 806470

INGLEDUE, Newton L. 658704

INGRAM, Paul E. 1333825

JACKSON, Price G. 833533

JAMES, Luther V. 1082177

JARVIS, Richard L. 388659

JEWETT, Gene R. 6449402

JOHNSON, James E. 431846

JOHNSON, Joseph E. 1090244

JOHNSON, Theodore 1245513

JONES, Guy R. 664839

JONES, Robert 320774

JORDAN, Walter L. 587619

JUSTICE, John H. 1221116

KATHREPTIS, John A. 1289790

KELLER, Louis J. 369681

KENLEY, Albert E. J. 469072

KERLEY, James E. 1053286

KING, Sidney W. 349749

KIRCHER, Arnold V. Jr. 602097

KLINESMITH, Jay R. 828757

KOVACIC, William M. 305518

KROMM, Howard S. 365583

KULIU, Wilbur E. 1267326

LACKEY, James E. Jr. 1027481

LANCE, John L. 1196891

LAPENNA, Joseph 1079417

LAUFFENBURGER, William A.

1037260

LAY, Joanne M. 702624

LEE, Elias 1227001

LEMEM, James E. 664737

LEWELLYN, John A. 664860

LEWIS, Theodore P. 1190824

LITCHFIELD, Herby F. 536965

LOFLINK, Walter F. 563664

LORIGAN, James S. 390930

LOWRY, Raymond E. 859063

LUTHIN, William L. 401412

LYONS, Michael W. 369320

MACKIN, Myrtle J. 761101

MALINOWSKI, Donald R. 437436

MANGIN, Charles H. 643026

MARCH, James G. 1195061

MARLAR, Otha W. 661248

MARSHALL, Laura C. 774304

MARTIN, George B. 499054

MARTINEZ, Mike M. 1169808

MASCELLINO, Lucian J. 662662

MATOS, Frank 1253755

MAY, Floyd E. 834035

MAZO, Earl Jr. 83493

MC CLEAREN, Thomas R. 382102

MC COOK, Albert E. 876232

MC DANIEL, Elmer L. 1126876

MC DOWELL, Melvin D. 571157

MC GOVERN, Harry D. 1067377

MC KEE, Wallace R. 538606

MC LAUGHLIN, Harold E.

1271521

MC MILLAN, Arthur O. 1213573

MC PHAIL, Bobby F. 1115760

MECHAM, Willie L. 1224124

MEGGISON, Leroy J. 1138009

MELLON, Peter F. 1284358

MERRITT, Robert C. 276307

MILLBAUER, Verl J. 832678

MILLER, Jack A. 597176

MILLER, Stanley F. 544351

MISHIO, Donald G. 1165357

MOBILIA, Charles A. 935480

MONEYPENNY, Guy E. 1102172

MONTICELLO, Nicholas J. 1096242

MOORE, Roy B. 583878

MORERO, Anthony J. 1092378

MORRISON, William N. Jr.

399490

MOSENA, John W. 1114191

MOTT, Richard D. 467925

MUNSON, James D. 1151195

MUSICK, Albert S. 537646

NASH, Harold G. 511562

NELSON, Norman I. 628534

NEWELL, Jacob W. 1159710

NEWSOME, Howard 1328408

NICHOLS, George W. 583730

NICKERSON, Semore 1117259

NOBER, Lee H. 1054806

NORRIS, John D. 475273

OAKLEY, Joseph M. 857334

OJIDA, James 903160

ONEALL, Alton M. 657121

OSWALD, Hugh J. 382764

PADGETT, William B. 642937

PARADISE, Eula M. 306383

PARKS, William K. 666192

PATTERSON, Rollin K. 1154398

PEAT, Charles F. 1193476

PERKINS, Bernard J. 578399

PETERSEN, Leonard G. 576174

PHIFER, Rommie P. 621106

PHILLIPS, William L. Jr. 1196688

PIERCE, Oscar L. 558027

PITTILLO, James A. 432057

POE, Robert A. 1087978

PONCE, Pete 549570

POWELL, Eugene R. 459298

POWERS, Robert L. 574026

PRICE, Jimmie 658775

PUTMAN, John B. 1252024

QUINAN, William G. 1198786

RADZISZEWSKI, John P. 595396

RAMOS, Jose C. 1117901

RANKIN, Eldon F. 384269

RAY, Andrew M. 534153

REED, Albert J. 1315688

REEDY, William J. Jr. 1126155

REICHERT, Paul R. 538942

TRANSFERS

[cont. from page 60]

PURVIANCE, Lyman S. (3529) FMFPacTrps Pen to Lei
RENT, Alice M. (0179) MCRD PI to MarPac
RICHARDSON, Robert B. (2549) TTU PhibTraPac NavPhibBase SD to MCRD SD
RILEY, Richard F. (3014) 55th-SplnCo. USMCR Sioux City Iowa to MarPac
ROMAN, Walter C. (0149) HQMC to 4thMCRD Phila
RONEY, George F. (2119) 2dMarDiv Lei to Pen FFT
ROSS, Karleen S. (0149) MCDS Albany Ga to Pen FFT
ROWE, Arthur W. (7119) ForTrps-FMFLant Lei to 2dMAW CherP
SHIRLEY, Artis (3054) ForTrps-FMFLant Lei to Pen FFT
SILVERS, Owen O. (3519) Lei to Pen FFT
SLICER, Henry T. Jr. (3529) FMFPacTrps Pen to AirFMFLant Norfolk
SOUZA, Benedict L. (0119) MCRD PI to Treasure Is FFT
ST. DENNIS, Claude H. (3019) MCDS Phila to 8thMCRD NOrleans
STEPHENS, Ernest P. (0149) FMFPacTrps Pen to Pen FFT
STEWART, William (6619) MARTD MARTC Olathe Kans to 2dMAW CherP
STRALEY, Mack W. (3024) Quant to Pen FFT
STRETCH, Wilmer (0149) MarPac to I&I 18thRHCo USMCR Manchester NH
TAYLOR, Robert A. (2119) MarPac to Pen FFT
TERRELL, Otto "N" (6519) 1st-MAW to MCRD PI
THACKER, Lawrence A. (3029) MarPac to Pen FFT
THAMES, Henry W. (3379) MCRD PI to Pen FFT
THIESSE, Horvey (4969) Lei to Pen FFT
THOMAS, Earl Jr. (4119) FMFPac to El Toro
THOMPKINS, Richard D. (3054) 2dMarDiv Lei to Pen FFT
ULREY, Lowell M. (0149) I&I 27thSplnCo USMCR Columbus O to Pen FFT
VANDEL, Edward H. (3054) MCAS El Toro to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
WARLICK, Frank K. (3519) Lei to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
WEEKS, Eddie E. (3014) Lei to Pen FFT
WETTA, Charles J. (0319) HQMC (StateDept-Indonesia) to 2dMarDiv Lei
WILLIAMS, Eugene (3529) Lei to Pen FFT
WHITEHOUSE, Kenneth S. (3019) 2dAutoFldMainCo USMCR New Haven to 2dMarDiv Lei
WINKLER, Robert F. (5239) El Toro to Pen FFT
ZACHRITZ, Charles W. (3034) FMFPacTrps Pen to Pen FFT
ZAHN, William A. (0231) FMFPacTrps Pen to MB NAS Alameda
ZIM, John C. (0149) MB NSD Scotia NY to 2dMAW CherP
ZINCAVAGE, Edward J. (0149) 3dMAW Miami to MarPac

TECHNICAL SERGEANTS

ADKINS, Charles M. (0231) FMFPac to 2dMarDiv Lei
ADLER, Frederick J. (2511) FMFPacTrps Pen to MCRD SD
ALLEGRA, Michael (6619) MARTD MARTC Deaver to CherP
ALLEN, Wesley C. (3419) ForTrpsFMFLant Lei to Pen FFT

ALSWORTH, Leslie B. (2519) FMFPacTrps Pen to MCRD SD
ANTONOWICZ, Bronislovo (0316) 2dMAW CherP to 2dMarDiv Lei
ARNOLD, Denis L. (3369) Lei to Pen FFT
ASBELL, John H. Jr. (3319) 3d-MAW Miami to Pen FFT
ASEDO, Ramon D. (0121) ForTrpsFMFLant Lei to Pen FFT
ASHLEY, Wallace D. (3529) MarPac to Lei
BADER, Joseph R. (3139) MarPac to Pen FFT
BARNES, Marion C. (0147) MARTD MARTC Miami to Pen FFT
BEDNAR, Ernest A. (6619) Air-FMFPac El Toro to MAD NAT-ECHTRACEN Memphis
BENBENEK, Mitchell J. (3519) MarPac to MCRD PI
BIESTERFIELD, Lowell L. (0211) FMFLant Norfolk to Pen FFT
BLACKBURN, Benton S. (0816) FMFPacTrps Pen to Pen FFT
BOGGS, Wendell R. (0147) Lei to Treasure Is FFT
BOVEE, Claude O. (1369) MarPac to Pen FFT
BOWLES, Howard G. (3026) Quant to Pen FFT
BARR, Junior A. (0149) 2dMAW CherP to Pen FFT
CLEVELAND, Ray D. (6619) MARTD MARTC Olathe Kans to AirFMFPac El Toro
CLEMENTS, Leonard C. (5B69) 1st MAW to MarCorActy POA as CG FMFPac directs
COLVILLE, Erwin H. (3379) Quant to MB NAD Earle NJ
CONDON, Jess W. (5B49) 2d-MAW CherP to MCRD PI
COOPER, Wesley C. (0339) 2d-MAW CherP to 2dMarDiv Lei
COPPOCK, Billy L. (4136) MarPac to Pen FFT
COUGHLIN, Walter J. (3014) 2d-MarDiv Lei to Pen FFT
COWAN, Robert J. (0147) MCRD PI to Pen FFT
COWELL, James S. (3019) Lei to I&I 19thSplnCo USMCR Peoria III
DAVIDSON, Charlie B. (0147) 2d-MarDiv Lei to Quant
DAVIDSON, William L. (3519) MarPac to Lei
DAVIS, Donald (3519) TTU Phib-Tralant NavPhibBase LCreek Norfolk to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
DARR, Junior A. (0149) 2dMAW CherP to Pen FFT
GEARING, William A. (6619) Air-FMFPac El Toro to MAD NAT-ECHTRACEN Memphis
GEORGE, Frank R. (3014) MarPac to I&I 3d105mmHowBtry USMCR Ft Worth
GOLLEY, Gerald K. (2639) MarPac to Pen FFT
GRAGG, Walter C. (1871) FMFPacTrps Pen to Pen FFT
GRIGGS, Clarence F. Jr. (0848) Quant to MCRD PI
HANCOCK, Troy W. (3379) FMFPac to 3dMAW Miami
HANGEL, Robert L. (0147) MCAS Miami to Treasure Is FFT
HARDEN, Allen R. (0149) Air-FMFPac El Toro to Pen FFT
HARMON, John B. Jr. (4312) FMFPac to MarPac
HARTEAU, Willis J. (3319) Lei to Pen FFT
HARR, Gerald R. (3519) Lei to Pen FFT
HAUKE, Joseph L. (3379) FMFPacTrps Pen to Pen FFT
HAVENS, John S. (1841) FMFPacTrps Pen to MCRD PI
HENSEL, Richard B. (0147) MARTD MARTC Atlanta to Pen FFT
HERNANDEZ, Lucia V. (3539) FMFPac to MarPac
HERRIN, Theresa T. (3039) MCDS Albany Ga to Pen FFT
HICKMAN, Charles C. (3519) FMFPacTrps Pen to MCRD PI
HICKS, Grady L. (2119) ForTrps-FMFLant Lei to Pen FFT
HINES, Lonnie R. (3014) FMFPacTrps Pen to MCRD PI
HORAK, George W. (0319) MB NSNSyD Portsmouth Va to Pen FFT
HORNER, Charles (3539) Lei to Pen FFT
HORTON, Charles G. (3249) MB (8th & Eye) WashDC to ForTrpsFMFLant Lei
HOWLAND, John B. (3024) MarPac to MCDS Albany Ga
HOWLETT, James (3379) FMFPacTrps Pen to Pen FFT
HUBLEY, George E. (5249) MarPac to Pen FFT
JAMES, Paul F. (0147) 3dMAW Miami to Pen FFT
JEFFERS, Alvin J. Jr. (1871) FMFPacTrps Pen to Pen FFT
JOHNSON, Arthur L. (1367) 2d-MarDiv Lei to MarPac
JOHNSON, Charles M. (0319) 3d-MAW Miami to MCRD PI
JOHNSON, Dan A. (0147) TTU Phib-Tralant LCreek Norfolk Va to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
JOHNSTON, Roger W. (2549) FMFPacTrps Pen to Pen FFT
JOSEPH, Walter P. Jr. (0316) TTU PhibComPacFit SD to MCRD PI
KERR, Robert M. (4312) AirFMFPac El Toro to Pen FFT
KING, Bill J. (6519) MCAB CherP to MCRD PI
LaCHANCE, Edwin T. Jr. (0319) HQMC to 3dMAW Miami



"Patience, Foster, there's bound to be an opening in your field soon!"

Leatherneck Magazine

BRADY, William J. (0149) MB 15thNavDist Navy 2B8 to 2d-MAW CherP
BRANSCOM, Howard L. (3379) MB NAD Earle NJ to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
BROMAN, Howard C. (0149) MB NTC Glakes to I&I 3dEngFld-MaintCo USMCR Portland Me
BUCHAN, Robert E. (1871) FMFPacTrps Pen to Pen FFT
BUTLER, James E. (3249) Quant to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
CAMPBELL, Thomas M. (0149) 2d-MarDiv Lei to MarPac
CANTRELL, Harold C. (3139) CherP to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
CASILLAS, Joe C. (1836) FMFPacTrps Pen to MCRD PI
CASTRO, Emmet C. (0147) MarPac to Pen FFT
CAVANAUGH, Elvin R. Jr. (3014) MarPac to Pen FFT
CHAPMAN, Paul E. (0336) FMFPacTrps Pen to MarPac
CHARLEY, Harold V. (4611) 1st-MAW to 2dMAW CherP
CHRISMAN, Donnie M. (6419) MARTD MARTC Dallas to MCAS Quant
DEATON, John C. (1369) I&I 2d-ShorePtyGrCo USMCR Orlando to Pen FFT
DENSON, Fredrick R. (3539) MarPac to Lei
DENSON, Tommie H. (4236) ForTrpsFMFLant Lei to MCAS Quant
DIXON, Dorothy A. (0179) HQMC to MarPac
DORIE, Robert E. (0147) MarPac to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
DOUGLAS, Joseph R. (3019) FMFLant Norfolk to Pen FFT
DOWNNEY, John E. (3539) MarPac to Pen FFT
DUFFY, James C. (3014) MCRD PI to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
DURST, Frederick Jr. (0169) MC-FwdBde Portsmouth Va to Pen FFT
EAGAN, Bernard K. (1839) MCRD PI to Treasure Is FFT
EAKLE, Kenneth L. (3034) MarPac to Pen FFT
ECKSTRON, Leonard C. (3569) Lei to MB (8th & Eye) WashDC
EMBREY, Bruce C. (3539) MCDS Phila to HQMC
ERICKSON, George H. (0149) MARTD MARTC Denver to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 69)

COLOR BLIND

[continued from page 37]

recovered his balance and began to circle cautiously. He had curious way of shuffling; maybe it was because he was barefooted. Tex blew through his nose and moved after Matai for the kill, his arms pumping up and down like pistons waiting for a load.

"Come on, you," he jeered, trying to get Matai to move in toward him. "I'm gonna show you how good you are." He swung a wild haymaker viciously, just grazing the top of Matai's bobbing head. "Come on and fight! Or you got too much Samoan fai fai le mu in you?" He uncorked a vicious left at Matai who still seemed content to stay out of range, always circling and bobbing away from the red-eyed slugger. He said nothing in return to Tex's taunts and returned no blows of any note whatsoever. Boos began to spring up from the crowd.

"Nuts! Finish him off, Tex, if it's gonna be this lousy!"

"Floor 'im, Tex, and let's all hit the sack!"

Tex glared hotly at Matai, his arms still pounding up and down in anticipation. Little by little he began to edge him into a neutral corner. Then something happened. No one was quite sure. But according to Potter in Matai's corner, Tex had Matai all bottled up and was just beginning to blast with those brutal arms when Matai's lithe brown body slipped out of the corner. Somehow, all of a sudden, he was on Tex, his arms jabbing so fast they were blurred. Tex came around, throwing wild crushing haymakers that sizzled—only they weren't landing. Matai was gone; and as soon as Tex quit fanning the air Matai was on top of him throwing lethal bazooka shots into his stomach, then to his head.

Blood began to spurt from Tex's nose and the crowd went wild. No one in that crowd had ever seen Tex Malone in real trouble before. Matai held back for a couple of seconds while the great bull shook his head and blew his nose. There was a look of surprise on Tex's face and he was blowing like a winded horse. Then Matai was back on him like a fierce jungle creature, slicing knife-like blows into the stomach that cracked like rifle shots on Tex's hard frame. The eyes of Matai were wild. His mouth was tense and the lips were drawn back into a grimace of calculating power. An in-

herent ferocity seemed to give him stabbing explosiveness.

Tex Malone lowered his head and charged, but the fanning arms were leadened and moving in slow swaths. Matai stepped aside and hooked with a left, then brought a long right straight from the shoulder that threw a 105-mm. straight into the doorway of Tex's pillbox head. As it snapped up and back, the 190 pounds of bone and muscle bent in the middle and poured onto the canvas.

There was so much noise from the crowd and so much cheering that the men up in the mountains in the OPs swore later that they heard it. Men poured through the ropes, grabbed Matai and hoisted him to their shoulders. Off they started but Matai slipped off and struggled back to where they were still working on Tex.

"Is he all right, Lieutenant, Sir?" he asked of Billings who was putting smelling salts to Tex's nose.

"He'll be all right in a minute, Matai. Maybe we should have told him no one's ever beat you around these islands. But somehow I think Tex Malone will get an education from this. "Hey, Tex," he grinned at the prostrate fighter who was showing signs of life, "how do you feel?"

He smiled sheepishly at Matai as the two lifted him to his wobbly feet.

"Put 'er there, *Marine*," he said extending his hand. "I shore had it comin'." Matai flashed a white smile and stuck out his own glove.

"I sorry I got mad, Tex, but dog-gone you got hard head. You hard out here," Matai laughed patting the top of his head, "and you hard inside."

"Haw," Tex managed with a weak smile . . . feels pretty soft right now, Matai."

"OK, Tex, you remember one thing? The longer you here, the browner you get."

END



Leatherneck Magazine

CHECK-OUT ON DIESELS

SSgt. Michael W. Mok



DIESEL ENGINES HAVE come a long way since the brilliant German, Dr. Rudolph Diesel, patented the first one in 1892. Very little is known about the inventor, for he disappeared under mysterious circumstances one September night in 1913 from aboard the steamer *Dresden*. But it is known that his single-cylinder, 25 horsepower engine was the great-grand-daddy of the Diesels which power the tug boats, LSTs, and crack coast-to-coast streamlined locomotives of today.

The Marine Corps has come to rely heavily on Diesel engines. In the field, Diesel generators produce the vital power for command posts and aid stations which must have electric current. Behind our lines, entire battalion areas are lighted by Diesel-electric generators. Diesel motors furnish power for the prime movers of the heavy guns, heavy-duty trucks, buses, and crawler-tractors. Radar stations all over the world have auxiliary Diesel generators standing by to take over in case of power failure.

Because of the growing importance of Diesel engines to the Marines Corps, the Marine Corps Institute has established a course to train Marines in Diesel. "The course, which now has an enrollment of more than 500, was designed primarily to provide training in functional field 1344, but students with widely divergent MOSs are enrolled," says Staff Sergeant Francis P. Kehoe, senior instructor for the course

entitled *Principles of Diesel Engines* (T504.1a)

"Many Marines simply wish to be checked out on Diesel engines," points out Kehoe. "It's difficult for me to think of an MOS that is not represented among my students. Some men are building a background—shooting for a Diesel school in the service—while others just want the good dope this course offers. The Diesel field is still expanding. The Testing and Educational Unit at Quantico determined that *Principles of Diesel Engines* and a second course, *Diesel Engine Maintenance and Repair* (T504.4) are of great help to Marines for Technical Tests in MOS field 1344. The two courses cover 95 percent of the material in the tests for Diesel mechanics through the rank of staff sergeant. Even old hands in Diesel take the course to prepare for their technical examinations and to brush up on fundamentals," says Kehoe.

Some of the topics covered by *Principles of Diesel Engines* are: principles of fuel injection, differences between gas and Diesel engines, compression pressure needed, two-cycle and four-cycle engines, engine parts, valves and timing, lubrication, structural parts, and cooling systems.

The course, *Principles of Diesel Engines*, is composed of 21 lessons and a written final examination. Most students study for approximately 115 hours to complete the course; all are required to send in one lesson a month.

END

OPERATION COMEBACK

[continued from page 47]

and were ushered over the side where Chinese boy scouts and military personnel led them into a warehouse to await transportation to their new home.

Although the celebration was for the returning Chinese, the Marines weren't forgotten for the part they had played in bringing the POWs to Formosa. As each LST was unloaded a Chinese official boarded the craft and formally asked the team leader to bring his men ashore. The Marines were led to another warehouse and treated to their first taste of Taiwan beer.

Their escort duties over, many of the Marines had an opportunity to relax and unlimber their sea legs in the short time allotted. But there was one Marine who had little time to relax. SSgt. Whaley, LST 643's mess sergeant, had his mind on the long trip back. He was looking for a change in the Marines' menu and, gathering a working party, he set out to visit the other LSTs for bartering purposes. As he visited each LST he shouted praise for the tasty virtues of Menu No. 1 and his sales talk brought results. When the LSTs departed each ship had a variety of 5-in-1 rations.

More than a week later the Third Battalion, Fourth Marines, returned to Nara. In their three-week tour of duty they had traveled 3000 miles, sailed the Pacific Ocean, the China sea and the Yellow Sea. And they had played a leading role in one of the biggest blows at Communism, Operation Comeback. A campaign that will be remembered by the Reds and go down in Marine history as a victory for freedom carried out without firing a single shot.

END



Grateful Chinese officials offer Marines free Taiwan beer at Keelung. LSTs remained only long enough to accomplish job

BULLETIN BOARD

BULLETIN BOARD is Leatherneck's interpretation of information released by Headquarters Marine Corps and other sources. Items on these pages are not to be considered official.

OFFICER'S SEPARATION . . . Policies governing the voluntary separation of Marine Corps officers from active service have been clarified by ALMAR ONE. According to the report, resignations normally will be accepted from officers who have completed four or more years of active commissioned service unless they are further obligated by existing law or policy.

In the case of temporary commissioned and warrant officers, requests for resignation or reversion to enlisted status and transfer to the Fleet Reserve or termination of commission and continuance on active duty in permanent grade will be considered favorably by the board.

Officers who have obligated service remaining under selective service laws will be required to accept or retain a commission in the Marine Corps Reserve until completion of their obligated service, in the event they desire to resign their regular commission or be released from active duty.

Final action on requests submitted in accordance with ALMAR ONE will be governed by the needs of the service.

NEW RIFLES UNDER STUDY . . . The Army has announced that two new rifles--either one capable of replacing the M-1, carbine, machine gun, sub-machine gun and BAR--are now under actual test.

The rifles under consideration are the T-44, an American ordnance-developed weapon, and the FN, a product of the National Arms Factory of Belgium. Both of the rifles are shorter and lighter than the standard M-1. They will use a new experimental 30-caliber shell that is 10 per cent lighter and a half inch shorter than the present standard rifle ammunition.

The Army points out that its procurement and testing program in no way constitutes a commitment for adoption.

MCI HANDBOOK . . . Supplies of the Marine Corps Institute Handbook (3rd Edition), a reference book for courses offered by the Institute, have been exhausted.

Most of the information in the MCI Handbook has become obsolete and more than 40 of the courses described in the edition have either been dropped or revised to keep the curriculum up-to-date.

The new mission of the MCI has entailed further changes in the curriculum and modification of certain other courses that are being retained.

The Institute advises that all Education Officers keep the Manual of MCI Course Introductions up-to-date, so that a ready reference can be made for guidance, enrollment and to facilitate dissemination of information about the Marine Corps Institute.

TURN PAGE

BULLETIN BOARD (cont.)

STANDARD ALLOTMENT RULES . . . The Defense Department has established definite rules and regulations concerning the types of allotments that can be drawn from a serviceman's pay.

Hereafter, according to the new regulations, allotments are to be permitted only for the following:

1. Purchase of U. S. Savings Bonds.
2. Premiums for Government and commercial life insurance.
3. Repayment of loans from Army, Air Force and Navy Relief Societies and the Red Cross.
4. Class Q allotments.
5. Bank savings, checking or trust accounts. This includes federal savings and loan associations, postal savings system, credit unions and individuals.
6. Repayment of loans for purchase of a home (does not include additions or improvements or for business purposes).
7. Voluntary liquidation of indebtedness to the U. S. Government.

The maximum which may be allotted shall not exceed a person's combined basic pay and dependents' quarters allowance, less the amount which must be withheld for tax. Commanding officers may further restrict the total amount allotted when necessary to meet the personal needs of the serviceman.

Individual inter-service regulations will be published at a later date.

GOOD CONDUCT STARS . . . All personnel on active duty who are entitled to Good Conduct Medal Bars have been informed by an advance change to the MCM that Bronze Stars will be worn in lieu of bars on the suspension ribbon of the Good Conduct Medal. This will indicate SECOND and subsequent awards. A silver star is worn in lieu of five bronze stars.

FOURTH DIVISION REUNION . . . The Seventh annual reunion of the Fourth Marine Division Association will be held this year at Niagara Falls, N. Y., on June 25, 26 and 27, according to Judge Carlton Fisher, president of the association.

Judge Fisher, a colonel in the Marine Corps Reserve, requested that all association members send the names of former Fourth Division personnel to Master Sergeant L. J. Floyd, Executive Secretary, Fourth Marine Division Association, Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington 25, D. C. The association hopes to contact a maximum number of men and make the 1954 reunion an unprecedeted success.

HAM OPERATORS NEEDED . . . The Marine Corps has a drastic need for Amateur Radio Operators to operate the Special Services network that has been built up in the past years. The requirements for a HAM permit include a license from the Federal Communications Commission. Anyone interested in this type of work should contact his Special Services HAM station for information or write to Headquarters Marine Corps, (Code DFB).

TRANSFERS

[cont. from page 64]

LAFIETTE, Glenwood (2639) FMFPacTrps Pen to Pen FFT
 LAMPMAN, George V. (3379) 2d-MarDiv Lej to Pen FFT
 LAMBERT, Kenneth M. (3379) MCRD PI to Pen FFT
 LANAHAN, John P. (0149) 2d-MAW CherPt to MCRD PI
 LANDRY, John E. (0816) MarPac to Pen FFT
 LAZARKO, Louis H. (0231) 2d-MarDiv Lej to Treasure Is FFT
 LEHRMAN, Earl J. (3500) MarPac to Pen FFT
 LEMAR, Gerald F. (6439) MAD NATECHTRACEN Jax Fla to AirFMFPac El Toro
 LEWIS, Haskell R. (3529) MB NB Brooklyn to 1st MCRD Boston
 LOLLAR, Leon L. (3019) Quant to Pen FFT
 LOPEZ, Isidro (1369) FMFPacTrps Pen to Pen FFT
 LOWELL, Howard P. (6619) 3d-MAW Miami to MCAS Miami
 LOWERY, Wesley H. Jr. (3379) Lej to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
 MAIBUECHER, Adam (2539) 2d-MarDiv Lej to Pen FFT
 MALARICK, William L. (1419) HQMC to MCAS Miami
 MARLO, William Jr. (0147) MCAB CherPt to Treasure Is FFT
 MARSHALL, Orris A. (7119) 2d-MAW CherPt to AirFMFLant Norfolk
 MARTIN, Bose L. (6711) MB NTC Glakes to 2dMAW CherPt
 MASSEY, Dominic R. (0100) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to MCRD PI
 MAUER, Bernard F. (3379) 3d-MAW Miami to MB NAD Ft Mifflin Phila
 McCALL, Blossom J. (0179) Lej to FMFLant Norfolk
 McCARTHY, John J. Jr. (4312) 4thMCRD Phila to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
 McDANIEL, Edison O. (0169) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to Pen FFT
 McGREGOR, Eugene S. (3279) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to MCRD PI
 MCKENZIE, Lawrence (0149) MARTD MARTC Minneapolis to AirFMFPac El Toro
 McMAHON, George A. (3054) Quant to Pen FFT
 MCPARRIN, William J. (3539) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to Pen FFT
 MICHAUD, O'Neill (3014) HQMC to MarPac
 MONNOT, Donald E. (3539) HQMC to Lej
 MORGAN, John A. (0169) MarPac to Pen FFT
 MOROUKIAN, Charles (5849) FMFPacTrps Pen to Pen FFT
 MOSCO, Vincent E. (0816) MarPac to Pen FFT
 MURPHY, John A. Jr. (2539) 2d-MarDiv Lej to MarSigDet USS Mt. Olympus
 NICHTER, Kenneth W. (3014) Lej to Pen FFT
 O'BRYANT, George W. (0316) 2d-MAW CherPt to 2dMarDiv Lej
 O'MALLEY, Robert F. (3319) AirFMFPac El Toro to Pen FFT
 O'NEAL, Goodwin I. (4631) 6th MCRD Atlanta to Pen FFT
 OSENDOTT, Jackie F. (0316) MarPac to MCRD PI
 OTWELL, Bernie (0816) MarPac to Pen FFT
 PALEY, George R. (2569) 2d-MAW CherPt to MCRD SD

PAPAILIAS, James G. (3539) FMFPacTrps Pen to Pen FFT
 PATRINOS, Charles (0316) MarPac to Pen FFT
 PORTER, Robert F. (3519) AirFMFPac El Toro to overseas
 POUNDS, Robert L. (1129) Lej to Pen FFT
 PRUE, Lewis C. Jr. (3014) 2d-MAW CherPt to MCRD PI
 QUERRY, Wilfred P. (3049) CherPt to Pen FFT
 QUIGLEY, James E. (6419) HQMC to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
 QUINLIVAN, Edward J. (6819) MB NAS Lakehurst to 2dMAW CherPt
 RAITZ, Clifton C. (2569) AirFMFPac El Toro to overseas
 RANKIN, Virgil (2639) MCRD PI to Pen FFT
 RAPP, Lloyd M. (5849) 2dMAW CherPt to MCRD PI
 RATHBURN, George W. (0149) MARTD MARTC Dallas to 9th-MCRD Chicago
 RAVENSCROFT, Marshall (3239) Lej to ForTrpsFMFLant Lej
 RAYEV, Lloyd (0816) MarPac to Pen FFT
 SANBORN, Robert H. Sr. (3519) FMFPacTrps Pen to MarPac
 SCHMOYER, Arthur H. (2539) AirFMFPac El Toro to MCRD SD
 SCHUMAKER, Charlie W. Jr. (0147) MCFwdDep Portsmouth Va to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
 SCHWARZ, Henry A. (3379) MB NAD Ft Mifflin Phila to Pen FFT
 SCOTT, "L" "A" (0147) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to Pen FFT
 SEARS, Roy C. (3519) Lej to 3d-MAW Miami
 SHEA, William E. (0147) 2dMAW CherPt to Pen FFT
 SHEPARDSON, Stephen M. (1800) 1&1 2dTBn USMCR Syracuse NY to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
 SHULTZ, Benny F. (0186) 2rMarDiv Lej to Pen FFT
 SMITH, Norman "OK" (1369) FMFPacTrps Pen to Pen FFT
 SMITH, Thurmond E. (4136) HQMC to MB NMD Yorktown Va
 SMITHSON, James D. (6519) 2d-MAW CherPt to MAD NATECHTRACEN Jax Fla
 SOGHOIAN, Avedis (1379) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to Pen FFT

VILLASENOR, Gabriel (3319) FMFPacTrps Pen to Pen FFT
 WALDRON, Edison A. (0147) Lej to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
 WALSH, Richard K. (7041) AirFMFPac El Toro to Quant
 WALSH, Rita M. (0179) Lej to HQMC
 WARD, Lee (3619) Lej to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
 WEBB, Denver (1369) I&I 4thEng Co USMC Charleston WV to Pen FFT
 WEDDLETON, Chesley B. Jr. (3249) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to MB (8th & Eye) WashDC
 WELLS, Donald E. (0147) 9th MCRD Chicago to AirFMFPac El Toro
 WELLS, James W. (3014) MarPac to MCRD PI
 WHITE, George E. (0816) MCRD PI to Pen FFT
 WHITTEN, Morris E. (0169) 3d-MAW Miami to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
 WIECZOREK, Edmund (2249) 1st-MAW to Quant
 WILLIAMSON, Francis D. Jr. (4139) CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
 WILSON, John J. (3069) AirFMFPac El Toro to overseas
 WOOD, Milton C. (2539) FMFPacTrps Pen to Pen FFT
 WOODRUFF, Haskell E. (3379) FMFPacTrps Pen to Pen FFT
 WOODS, Londe L. (3039) Quant to Pen FFT
 YERSAVICH, Peter T. (0346) Quant to 2dMarDiv Lej
 YOCUM, Roy A. (3539) 2dMAW CherPt to Pen FFT
 YOST, William A. (5239) Lej to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

STAFF SERGEANTS

ACRI, Albert A. (0147) HQMC to 2dMarDiv Lej
 ADAMSON, William L. (3133) 2d-MAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
 ADCOX, Johnny A. (0336) 2d-MAW CherPt to 2dMarDiv Lej
 ADISEY, Anthony J. (0316) 2d-MarDiv Lej to Pen FFT
 ALEXANDER, Phyllis M. (3036) Lej to Treasure Is FFT
 ALLEN, Ralph C. Jr. (0335) MarPac to MCRD PI
 AMEN, Conrad (0765) ForTrpsFMFPac 29Palm Cal to Pen FFT
 ANDERSON, Edward G. (5231) Quant to Pen FFT
 ANDERSON, James N. Jr. (0147) Quant to 2dMAW CherPt
 ANDERSON, John R. (3529) FMFPacTrps Pen to Pen FFT
 ANDREWS, Bob (0316) FMFPac to Pen FFT
 ARIAS, Jose H. (1367) MarPac to MCRD SD
 ARIE, John D. (0336) MarPac to MCRD PI
 ASH, David D. (6611) MARTD MARTC Olathe Kans to MARTD MARTC Memphis
 ATKIN, James F. (3371) HQMC to MarPac
 BAKER, Ferrall L. (2111) FMFPacTrps Pen to Pen FFT
 BARTELL, Kenneth D. (1367) 2d-MarDiv Lej to MB NB Brooklyn
 BATES, Billie (0147) MCAS Miami to Quant
 BAXTER, Robert (1071) FMFPacTrps Pen to Lej
 BEADLING, Lois J. (0174) MarPac to HQMC
 BEAUCHAMP, Robert C. (0765) ForTrpsFMFPac 29 Palms Cal to Pen FFT
 BELEFSKY, Robert T. (0147) MTG-20 AirFMFLant CherPt to Pen FFT
 BENSON, James B. Jr. (5849) Quant to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT



REED, Ovie (3539) MarPac to Pen FFT
 RICHMEIR, Clarence E. (3379) FMFLant Norfolk to Pen FFT
 RIFFE, Robert W. (3379) Lej to 3dMAW Miami
 ROBESON, Thomas O. (2569) AirFMFPac El Toro to MCRD PI
 ROBICHEAU, Joseph P. (0316) Quant to 2dMarDiv Lej
 ROBINSON, Thoyer D. (3369) CherPt to Pen FFT
 ROGERS, Harry C. (0147) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to 5thMCRD Arlington Va
 ROGERS, James W. (0349) Quant to 2dMarDiv Lej
 ROUNDREE, James A. (6439) MARTD MARTC New Orleans to MAD NATECHTRACEN Jax Fla
 ROWLADER, Gordon W. (0439) FMFPac to 2dMAW CherPt
 ROWLAND, Harry S. (0147) AirFMFPac El Toro to Pen FFT
 RUSSELL, Richard H. (3379) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to Pen FFT
 RUSSELL, William A. (3379) MCAS Miami to Pen FFT

TURN PAGE

TRANSFERS (cont.)

BERG, James C. (0147) Quant to Treasure Is FFT
 BIRKES, Clinton E. (1379) FMFPacTrps Pen to Pen FFT
 BLACK, Winfield R. (0316) MarPac to MCRD PI
 BLAKE, Richard W. (2531) 2dMarDiv Lej to Pen FFT
 BOLTON, William J. (3534) MB NND Yorktown Va to 2dMarDiv Lej
 BOOTH, John Mitchell Jr. (3534) MarPac to Treasure Is FFT
 BOWES, David (6412) 3dMAW Miami to MTG-20 AirFMFLant CherPt
 BOYCE, John E. (3131) MCRD PI to Pen FFT
 BOYLE, James B. (0337) MarPac to MCRD PI
 BOZZELLI, Joseph E. M. (3068) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
 BRANAGAN, Donald J. (6600) MAD NATECHTRACEN Memphis to AirFMFPac El Toro
 BRANDT, Stanley W. (0316) MCRD PI to 2dMarDiv Lej
 BRANHAM, Jack A. (3241) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to HQMC
 BUCK, Kenneth W. (3371) MCRD PI to Pen FFT
 BUCK, Russell L. (0147) Quant to Pen FFT
 BUCKMAN, Donald E. (6819) AirFMFPac El Toro to MB NAS Lakehurst
 BULLARD, James H. (3741) MAD NATECHTRACEN Memphis to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
 BURGER, Lawrence L. (0147) MarPac to MB NNSyD Portsmouth Va
 BUSKIRK, Robert (3443) 2dMarDiv Lej to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
 BUZZELL, Howard D. (6819) I&I 1st90mmGunBtry USMCR Augusta to Me to 2dMAW CherPt
 CALLEN, Warren L. (3534) 2d-105mmHowBt USMCR Los Angeles to Lej
 CARROLL, Robert E. (0316) 2d-MAW CherPt to 2dMarDiv Lej
 CAVITT, Bobby J. (2511) MTG-20 AirFMFLant CherPt to Pen FFT
 CHAPPLER, Bruce L. (0316) 2d-MAW CherPt to 2dMarDiv Lej
 CHARLTON, Richard D. (1379) 2dMarDiv Lej to Pen FFT
 CHRISTENSEN, Stanley (3519) FMFPacTrps Pen to Pen FFT
 COLLEY, Robert P. (1367) MarPac to MCRD SD
 COOPER, Ray K. (3539) HQMC to MCDS Phila
 COREL, Eugene W. (3539) MB NNSyD Portsmouth Va to AirFMFPac El Toro
 CORRIGAN, Arthur J. Jr. (0147) MARTD MARTC Squantum Mass to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
 CRAFT, Carl G. (1367) Quant to MCRD PI
 CRAIG, Jack G. (6761) 1stMAW to VMR-152 AirFMFPac c/o FPO SFron
 CRAIG, John B. Jr. (3534) MCRD PI to HQMC
 CRAWFORD, Frank (4136) Lej to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
 CREGER, James H. (0147) MarPac to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
 CULBERTSON, Louis A. (1871) FMFPacTrps Pen to Pen FFT
 DALE, Lewis F. (3371) MCRD PI to Pen FFT
 DALES, Frank L. (5239) 9thMCRD Chicago to MB Clarksville (Tenn) Base

DANQUER, Eugene J. (1836) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to MCRD PI
 DAVID, George W. Jr. (0335) 2dMarDiv Lej to MB NB Norfolk
 DAVIS, Richard N. (0316) MarPac to MCRD PI
 D'AVOLIO, Ralph M. (0147) MB NGF WashDC to 6thMCRD Atlanta
 DEAN, Richard A. (5861) MarPac to MCRD PI
 DEL COLLO, Joseph E. (2531) 2dMarDiv Lej to Pen FFT
 DELKOSKI, Jerome P. (1836) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to MCRD PI
 DENTON, William C. Jr. (0335) FMFLant Norfolk to MCRD PI
 DIEHL, Charles A. (0337) HQMC (StateDept-Iraq) to 2dMarDiv Lej
 DODD, Cecil D. (3519) MarPac to 3dMAW Miami
 DORCSIS, Frank (5831) 2dMAW CherPt to 2dMarDiv Lej
 DORMAN, Grover D. (1814) FMFPacTrps Pen to MCRD PI
 DOWD, James M. (3024) Lej to Quant
 DOYLE, Paul H. (3331) Lej to Pen FFT
 DUNBAR, Richard D. (3411) Quant to 3dMAW Miami
 DUNLAP, Fazel D. (0316) 2d-MAW CherPt to MCRD PI
 FIELDS, Murray E. (0147) HQMC to ForTrpsFMFLant Lej
 FILKINS, Frederick W. (1367) El Toro to MCRD SD
 FIRNSTAHL, Vernon E. (0336) 2d-MarDiv Lej to MCRD PI
 FLEISCHER, Richard J. (0231) 2d-MarDiv Lej to Pen FFT
 FORD, Harold J. Jr. (3534) HQMC to Lej
 FRITZ, Jack L. (3534) 2dMarDiv Lej to Pen FFT
 GALLON, Jake F. (0776) ForTrpsFMFPac 29 Palms Cal to Pen FFT
 GALVIN, Donald R. (0316) FMFPac to Quant
 GARNER, Alvin J. (0147) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
 GAUDET, Joseph L. (3379) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to Pen FFT
 GEER, Jack E. (0316) 2dMarDiv Lej to MCRD PI
 GEIGER, Franz A. (2149) MarPac to Pen FFT
 GEORGE, Roland L. (0147) MC-FwdDep Portsmouth Va to HQMC
 GILLILAND, Mark C. (0147) MarPac to Treasure Is FFT
 GIOVANNETTI, Maurice L. (6444) MARTD MARTC Dallas to 2d-MAW CherPt
 HARRIS, Larry G. (6419) MARTD MARTC Lincoln Neb to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
 HART, Roger M. (0316) AirFMFPac El Toro to Pen FFT
 HARTZ, Edwin L. (2611) MarPac to Pen FFT
 HASFURTHER, Maurice A. (1367) MarPac to MCRD SD
 HASTY, Lewis L. (0337) 2dMAW CherPt to 2dMarDiv Lej
 HAYS, Robert M. (3017) Lej to HQMC
 HAWKINS, Melvin A. (0147) Lej to Pen FFT
 HAYWOOD, Conrad L. (0316) MB NB Phila to Lej
 HEATHERLY, John M. (3519) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to MCRD PI
 HERNANDEZ, Ernest W. Jr. (1379) FMFPacTrps Pen to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
 HERRLER, Charles F. (2511) FMFPacTrps Pen to MCRD SD
 HICKS, Vernon J. (3516) 2dMarDiv Lej to Lej
 HINES, William H. (3519) Lej to 3dMAW Miami
 HOLLAND, John E. (3519) MB NB Boston to Lej
 HOLMES, Russell L. (0335) HQMC to MCRD PI
 HOPKINS, Tom S. (6761) MTG-20 AirFMFLant CherPt to 2dMAW CherPt
 HOWARD, Merritt H. Jr. (0147) MARTD MARTC Atlanta to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
 IBALIO, Francisco M. (0147) MarPac to Treasure Is FFT
 INGE, Willard (3211) Lej to Pen FFT
 IVON, James R. (1841) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to Lej
 JANOWSKI, Charles A. (1379) Quant to Pen FFT
 JANTOSIK, Edward C. (2663) Quant to MCRD SD
 JEFFERES, Milton Jr. (3013) MB NAS PaxRiv to 4thMCRD Phila
 JENNEY, Elmer R. (2149) MB NGF WashDC to Pen FFT
 JENKINS, Richard W. (0411) 2d-MarDiv Lej to Pen FFT
 JOB, Billie A. (2661) ForTrpsFMFPac 29 Palms Cal to Pen FFT
 JOHNSON, Charles A. (5233) MC-FwdDep Portsmouth Va to 2dMarDiv Lej
 KEATING, Gerald E. (1354) CherPt to HQMC
 KEETER, Edward D. (3033) FMFLant Norfolk to MD USS Coral Sea
 KENDRICK, James W. (0776) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to MCRD PI
 KILLEEN, Francis H. (0316) MB NAD Hingham Mass to MCRD PI
 KINRED, Albert L. (3611) 2d-MAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
 KING, John C. (3371) MarPac to Pen FFT
 KINSLOW, George C. (0836) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to MCRD PI
 KIRK, Robert G. (0147) 2dMAW CherPt to MTG-20 AirFMFLant CherPt
 KIRKMAN, Lynn C. (2645) MarPac to Pen FFT
 KITTLE, James M. (1836) FMFPacTrps Pen to MCRD PI
 KLEMAN, Charles (2611) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to Pen FFT
 KUEMPEL, Donald A. (3516) 3d-MAW Miami to Pen FFT
 KURELKO, Samuel (5811) MD NavRetroCom NB Portsmouth NH to Pen FFT
 LABARGE, Robert O. (1814) MarPac to MCRD PI
 LABHART, William H. (0147) Lej to 6thMCRD Atlanta
 LANKFORD, Lewis F. (1367) 2d-MarDiv Lej to MCDS Albany Ga
 LAUFER, James A. (6715) MARTD MARTC Olatke Kas to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT



DURRANCE, William V. (3371) MCRD PI to Pen FFT
 EASLEY, Thomas F. Jr. (0316) AirFMFPac El Toro to Quant
 EATON, Leonard J. (3519) MarPac to Pen FFT
 EBY, Marion C. (0316) HQMC (StateDept-Uruguay) to 2dMarDiv Lej
 EDMUNDS, James P. (0316) MarPac to MCRD PI
 EGGEGBRAATEN, Wayne E. (2543) MarPac to Pen FFT
 EMERY, Richard F. (0316) MB NB Portsmouth NH to Pen FFT
 ENOS, Leonard F. (0316) 9thMCRD Chicago to 2dMarDiv Lej
 ERICSSON, Bruce T. (3034) Lej to MCDS Albany Ga
 ERWIN, Leroy E. (0147) Hedron MARTD Glenview Ill to 6thMCRD Atlanta
 EVERETT, Donald O. (5543) MarPac to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
 FASANO, Vito N. (3017) MCRD PI to Treasure Is FFT
 FAULK, Haskell H. (1367) MarPac to MCRD SD
 GOODE, David F. (3013) 1st-Armored/AmphCo USMCR Fredericksburg Va to Quant
 GOODMAN, John R. Jr. (0816) I&I 2d155mmGunBn USMCR Miami to Pen FFT
 GOULD, Morris E. (1661) 2dMAW CherPt to MAD NATECHTRACEN Memphis
 GOVER, Dan S. (0337) AirFMFPac El Toro to MCRD SD
 GREGORY, Abie R. (3361) CherPt to Treasure Is FFT
 GRIER, Hezekiah G. (3619) Lej to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
 GUNN, James F. (3379) Lej to Pen FFT
 HALE, Truett D. (2511) 2dMarDiv Lej to MCRD SD
 HALL, Van W. (3371) FMFPacTrps Pen to Pen FFT
 HANNA, William W. (0161) Lej to ForTrpsFMFLant Lej
 HARDY, Irvin A. (1354) CherPt to Pen FFT
 HARPER, Robert O. (2531) MarPac to MCRD SD

LIGHTEL, William J. (1431) TTU PhibTrPac NavPhibBase SD to TrpTrnTeam PhibFor WestPac Navy 3-3923 c/o FMFPac SFran to 3dMAW Miami

LITTLE, Ernest R. (0814) MB NB Charleston SC to 2dMarDiv Lej LLOYD, Rex R. (3371) El Toro to Treasure is FFT

LOHAN, William D. (1836) 6th-MCRD Atlanta to Lej

LUNZ, Herbert S. (0131) MB NB Norfolk to AirFMFLant Norfolk

MACEJEWSKI, Earl H. (3219) MarPac to Pen FFT

MAC LEOD, Allan D. (3539) 2d-105mmHowBn USMCR LAngeles to Lej

MARTIN, Robert W. (0848) 2d-MarDiv Lej to Pen FFT

MC CANN, Ambrose H. (2531) TTU PhibTrPant NavPhibBase LCreek Va to Pen FFT

MC DANIELS, Bob L. (0147) Air-FMFPac El Toro to Pen FFT

MC IVER, Norbert H. (3029) 2d-MarDiv Lej to Pen FFT

MC MANUS, Edwin J. (3111) El Toro to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

MC MENAMIN, Edward (0147) 2dMAW CherP to AirFMFPac El Toro

MC MULLEN, James W. Jr. (3013) I&I 2dANGLICO USMC-C Chicago to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

MECZKOWSKI, Kazimir C. (1367) Quant to MCRD PI

MILAM, William D. (3371) CherP to Pen FFT

MILLER, Edward W. (0335) 2d-MarDiv Lej to Treasure is FFT

MINKE, Lawrence H. (0316) 2d-MarDiv Lej to Quant

MONCHO, Julian (0336) 2dMAW CherP to 2dMarDiv Lej

MONTGOMERY, Earle E. (2539) FMFPacTrps Pen to Pen FFT

MOORE, Donnie M. Jr. (0147) 2d-MAW CherP to Treasure is FFT

MOORE, William A. (0147) I&I 12thInfBn USMCR Pittsburgh to 4thMCRD Phila

MUCCI, Peter (0147) I&I 7thAW-Btry USMCR Atlantic City to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

MUNDY, Robert W. (0816) MCRD PI to 2dMarDiv Lej

NELSON, Patrick K. (1379) MarPac to Pen FFT

NEELEY, Cecil A. (1136) El Toro to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

NEVEL, Malvin A. (3511) For-TrpsFMFLant Lej to MCB Lej

NEWSOM, John C. B. Jr. (3371) 2dMarDiv Lej to Pen FFT

NOSS, Thomas J. (3534) MarPac to Pen FFT

O'DONNELL, Robert J. (5700) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to MCB Lej

OGDEN, Ralph G. (0336) 2dMarDiv Lej to Pen FFT

OLIVER, James C. (3013) 2dMarDiv Lej to AirFMFPac El Toro

OLMSTEAD, Oliver C. (1871) 12thMCRD SFran to MarPac

O'NEAL, Melvin (1814) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to Pen FFT

ORFORD, Edward A. (1136) MB NB Phila to ForTrpsFMFLant Lej

OVERMAN, Thomas J. (3516) MarPac to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

PARENT, Richard A. (0316) HQ-MC to 3dMAW Miami

PATRICK, Jack K. (0816) Quant to Pen FFT

PARKER, George Jr. (0161) FMFPacTrpsPen to Treasure is FFT

PARKER, John G. (2541) HQMC to MB NAD Earle NJ

PASTWA, Herbert J. (3379) 2d-MarDiv Lej to Pen FFT

PAXTON, House (2149) 2dMarDiv Lej to Pen FFT

PERRY, Howard A. (1367) Lej to MCRD PI

PETERSON, John W. (1367) Lej to MCRD PI

PLOECKELMAN, Eugene C. (1367) MarPac to MCRD SD

PORTER, Charles (3371) El Toro to Pen FFT

PORTIER, William S. (3241) Lej to MCRD PI

POSTEL, Edward J. (2511) For-TrpsFMFPac 29 Palms Cal to Pen FFT

PRENGSCHAT, Hildegard L. (0174) 12thMCRD SFran to 9thMCRD Chicago

RAUSCH, John H. (1367) MCAB CherP to MCRD PI

REDDOCK, Roy S. (0336) 2dMAW CherP to 2dMarDiv Lej

REED, Billy W. (0316) 2dMAW CherP to MCRD PI

REESE, Kenneth E. (5213) 3dMAW Miami to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

REEVES, Thomas (5239) FMFPac-Trps Pen to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

REYNOLDS, Philip L. (4136) El Toro to Lej

RUIZ, Dennis C. (0161) MarPac to Treasure is FFT

RUMBLEY, William E. (3339) MarPac to Pen FFT

RUSSELL, Robert F. (7011) MTG-20 AirFMFLant CherP to 2d-MAW CherP

SAUER, Frank R. (0147) MARTD MARTC Los Alamos Cal to Air-FMFPac El Toro FFT

SAUNDERS, George R. (1814) MarPac to Pen FFT

SCHOEDLER, Harry P. (3379) FMFPacTrps Pen to Pen FFT

SCOTT, James R. (4939) MarPac to Treasure is FFT

SEWELL, Edmund R. (0316) HQMC (StateDept-PI) to 1stMarDiv

SHAKLEE, Donald C. (2711) For-TrpsFMFPac 29 Palms Cal to Pen FFT

SPARKS, Amos N. (0316) HQMC to 3dMAW Miami

SPARKS, Donald (0147) FMFPac to 6thMCRD Atlanta

SPRECHER, Robert L. (7000) MCAS Miami to 3dMAW Miami

SPINDLER, Alden T. (6619) MAD HATECHTRACEN Memphis to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

STARR, Edgar F. (0111) MD NAD Charlotte NC to MB NB Brooklyn

STEVENS, Walton W. (4136) MB NAD Hastings Neb to HQMC

STEWART, John A. Jr. (6413) MARTD MARTC NOreans to MTG-20 AirFMFLant CherP

STREETMAN, Garland (0147) HQMC to Pen FFT

SWIM, Charles A. (3539) HQMC to Lej

TAYLOR, Leslie P. (3211) Lej to Pen FFT

THURSTON, Wesley H. (1379) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to Pen FFT

TIMBERS, Francis (3516) 2dMAW CherP to Pen FFT

TROIANI, Anthony L. (4936) For-TrpsFMFLant Lej to Pen FFT

TULLY, Fred Jr. (5231) MarPac to MCRD PI

TYNES, Louis D. (0335) MCRD PI to 2dMarDiv Lej

VEAL, "J" "P" (3371) MCRD PI to Pen FFT

VELASQUEZ, Braulio D. (3379) FMFPacTrps Pen to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

WALKER, George E. (6819) MB NAS Lakehurst to 2dMAW CherP

WALLACE, Chester E. (0147) I&I 1stAmTracBn USMCR Tampa to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

WEAVER, Henry L. Jr. (5819) HQMC to ForTrpsFMFPac 29 Palms Cal

WELBORN, Haskell B. (3534) Quant to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

WESTER, Herman E. (0336) MC-PI to Lej

WHEELDON, Clifford (0200) MarPac to Pen FFT

WHITE, Wilbert D. (0316) MB NNSyD Portsmouth Va to MD NavRetroCom Norfolk

WHITE, Clarence C. Jr. (4936) 3dMAW Miami to MTG-20 Air-FMFLant CherP

WILLIAMS, Dale F. (3539) For-TrpsFMFLant Lej to Pen FFT

WILLIAMS, Elgin C. Jr. (1367) 2dMAW CherP to MCRD PI

WILLIAMS, James P. (3613) MB NB Brooklyn to Pen FFT

WILLIAMS, Lindberg (3516) FMFPacTrps Pen to Pen FFT

WILLIAMS, Robert C. (3413) FMFPacTrps Pen to Pen FFT

WILLIAMS, Saville L. (0147) I&I 2dDepSupBn USMCR Phila to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

WILK, Chester S. (2533) 2dMAW CherP to Pen FFT

WINDLOWE, Howard R. (7011) 2dMAW CherP to Quant

WINEMILLER, James W. (3361) Lej to Pen FFT

WISE, Homer W. (1367) FMFPac-Trps Pen to Pen FFT

WITHERS, Gorner E. (2619) 3d-MAW Miami to Pen FFT

WIMER, Robert E. (0169) 2dMarDiv Lej to Treasure is FFT

WOOD, Richard L. (6431) MARTD MARTC Squantum Mass to 2dMAW CherP

WOOD, Samuel G. (3519) MC-FwdDep Portsmouth Va to Lej

WOOMER, Philip D. (0147) HQ-MC to Lej

YAEGER, Thomas E. (0121) FMFPac to Lej

ZACKER, John L. Jr. (2645) MCRD PI to Pen FFT

ZIMMERMAN, Robert H. (1836) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to MCRD PI



Leatherneck Magazine

REID, Ben E. (3014) FMFPac to MCRD PI

RICHARDSON, Herschel (4136) Lej to 3dMAW Miami

RISCH, Leon P. (0848) MarPac to Pen FFT

RISCOE, Robert (6715) MARTD MARTC Olathe Kans to 3dMAW Miami

ROBERTS, Edward L. (3534) For-TrpsFMFLant Lej to Pen FFT

ROEHL, Joseph W. (3068) 2d-MAW CherP to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

ROEL, Robert Jr. (1871) FMFPac-Trps Pen to Pen FFT

ROGERS, Jesse L. (1836) For-TrpsFMFLant Lej to MCRD PI

ROSALEE, Bobby G. (2511) 2d-MarDiv Lej to MCRD SD

ROSSOW, Lester G. (0336) HQ-MC to MCRD PI

ROWAND, Edwin N. (3534) Lej to Pen FFT

SHEA, Lawrence J. (0816) 2d-MarDiv Lej to Pen FFT

SHOVAR, Robert J. (1129) Lej to MB (8th & Eye) WashDC

SKAGGS, Robert M. (4939) MarPac to Pen FFT

SMITH, Ernest P. (5839) MarPac to Pen FFT

SMITH, Harold A. (3249) MarPac to Pen FFT

SMITH, Joseph R. (3371) 2d-MarDiv Lej to Pen FFT

SMITH, Reiley Q. (6413) Air-FMFPac El Toro to MARTD MARTC Seattle

SOLTISSIAK, Charles N. (0816) FMFPacTrps Pen to Pen FFT

SOUTHARD, Charles Q. (2533) 2dMarDiv Lej to Pen FFT

SPANN, Robert C. (6761) MTG-20 AirFMFLant CherP to 2d-MAW CherP

END

Mara Corday



MARINE BARRACKS

[continued from page 19]

this duty and other official assignments, all men at the Barracks are subjected to a security review by the State Department and Secret Service. At an inopportune time a hurry-up order came over the wire from the White House. "The President plans to spend the week end at Camp David. He will leave late tonight. Your troops will be there when he arrives."

Week end liberty goes at 1630 Friday night and when the word arrived, many of the troops were already in town. The quick-thinking OD immediately closed the gate and cancelled all further liberty parties. All hands available were mustered but the guard was found lacking in number for the mission to Camp David. Several surprised Marines who walked into the gate early that night found themselves changing clothes and standing by for the trip to Camp David.

The office of the Commanding Officer, Marine Barracks, Eighth and Eye, contains many historical objects related to the post. Behind the Commanding Officer's desk, in the place of honor, hangs a large framed roster—listing every officer or enlisted man who has commanded the post. If a muster were held with that roster it would read like a Who's-Who in the Marines. Major John A. Lejeune headed the compound in 1905-06; Major Lemuel C. Shepherd, Jr., commanded the post in 1934. The latest name on the roster is Colonel James P. Berkeley.

The skipper is no stranger to the post. He served there as an enlisted man and was commissioned at Eighth and Eye in 1930. His father, Major General Berkeley, USMC, (Ret.) served there after the Spanish American War.

Col. Berkeley relates an incident which occurred when his father and another young lieutenant reported in to the post. Customarily, then and now, the officers were expected to call on the Commandant, present their cards and make "the visit." Upon arrival at the Commandant's home, Major General Charles Heywood invited them in, offered them chairs, and asked to be excused. In a few minutes, the General returned carrying a growler of beer which he had purchased across the street in the local saloon.

Mementos line the walls of Col. Berkeley's office. Historical photographs and fifty-year-old newspaper clippings recount the past; a solid

brass chow bucket inscribed "Made in 1873," serves as a log holder for the fireplace. The battle flag of the Marine Corps, with its 33 streamers, is kept here. The original deed for the tract of land purchased in 1801 from Lord Cecil Calvert, Baron of Baltimore's estate, hangs in the office, along with an old-style discharge certificate.

Many invaluable trophies and historical objects were lost and destroyed during the Reconstruction period, including a log containing the carved-out name of Aaron Burr, cut to pass the time while he was confined at Center House awaiting his trial for treason.

Marines stationed at Eighth and Eye have few complaints when they sit down to chow. The preparation of food is rated tops by the men. Breakfast is served directly from the galley stoves and the noon and evening meals are tabled in family style.

Liberty in the Nation's Capitol is



Generations of Marines have polished this bronze tablet on the gate at 8th & I Sts., S.E., Washington, D. C. To date it has shown only minor signs of wear from frequent scrubbing

an undebatable subject. During World War II when women far out-numbered the males, Marines traveled hundreds of miles just for a week end in Washington. For the men of the Eighth and Eye detachment a ten minute cab ride will take them to the heart of the District. The ratio has changed considerably since the war years but the female population still holds a high percentage. Marines at Eighth and Eye find the Capital gals both plentiful and dateable.

But liberty in the Nation's Capital is expensive—particularly after dark. Daytime sightseeing visits to art galleries and the Smithsonian Institute, and a jaunt to the zoo are free, but after sundown when the bright lights

beckon, the time has come to check the wallet and consider the tabs. Prices in the ordinary local pubs are reasonable but the better spots have little regard for budgets when they type up their menus.

When the long green begins to shrink, the men spend their off duty hours in a well equipped recreation area. A combination soda fountain and beer hall serve their intended purpose and a snack bar offers sandwiches and soup for chow hounds. An attractive slop-chute, located directly beneath the Band Barracks, is panelled in knotty pine and decorated with cartoons. The lounge is a favorite spot for the troops even when the long liberty green isn't short.

Other recreation facilities include two bowling alleys, several pool tables and a library.

The office of Sergeant Major is handled with dispatch by Michael C. Knott—27 years in the Corps. Sgt. Maj. Knott is in contact with every unit at Eighth and Eye and can put his finger on any man in the outfit in a matter of minutes.

The 47-year-old sergeant has completed his normal two-year tour of duty at the Post but, by request will continue to serve out his 30. The reason: the command wants to give him the traditional Eighth and Eye retirement parade.

On arrival at the Washington Barracks a new man may ponder the close association with the high ranking officers who reside on the post. Residents on "General's Row" include Lieutenant General Gerald C. Thomas, Assistant Commandant; Lieutenant General William O. Brice, Assistant Commandant for Air; Major General William P. T. Hill, Quartermaster General and Colonel James P. Berkeley, Commanding Officer of the post.

The Marine Barracks has a 100 percent GI reputation. The command realizes that the duty is exacting and more than an occasional rumble from the troops can be expected. Sgt. Maj. Knott believes that the parade ground soldier of today differs only slightly from the men who were trooping and stomping on the compound more than a quarter of a century ago—same gripes, same blisters.

But the tradition set by the Corps' first garrison remains. If by chance, the two sergeants who buried the Marines' coffin during the War of 1812 came out of celestial retirement and looked in on the compound at Eighth and Eye they would probably come to the proud conclusion that, "It hasn't changed a bit. Same duty, same sharp appearance, same parade ground soldiering."

END

SOUND OFF

[continued from page 13]

- (2) Suspension of Camp tags or camp operator's permit.
- (3) Having to attend a traffic school on his own time.
- (4) Restriction by Company Commander.

My question is: Is this or is this not double jeopardy? If this is not double jeopardy, please explain why it is not.

Name withheld by request.
Camp Lejeune, N. C.

● Discipline Branch, HQMC, says it is not double jeopardy. In addition, the Manual for Courts-Martial, 1951, page 103, explains that certain acts, when committed in some states, may constitute two distinct offenses, one against the United States and the other against the state. In such cases, trial by a state court does not bar trial by court-martial. Double jeopardy occurs only when two trials are held for the same offense . . . by the same sovereign.

The suspension of camp tags or camp operator's permit, as well as the requirements for attendance at a traffic school, are purely administrative procedures and not punishments as such. Restriction by the company commander, if imposed, would be non-judicial punishment and consequently would not be a conviction where the doctrine of former jeopardy would apply.

In this connection, it is noted that SecNav Instruction No. 1626.1, dated

6 April, 1953, explains the policy regarding military personnel who violate traffic laws. This directive provides in part as follows: "Every effort should be made by commanding officers to inform the personnel of their commands of the importance and necessity of driving safely and obeying traffic laws. To this end, commanding officers should seek the cooperation of local authorities and use all available sources of education." The directive further provides that "Commanding Officers should cooperate closely with local civil authorities in conducting educational and training campaigns to promote highway safety, reduce accidents and provide for adequate enforcement of traffic laws. Whenever desirable, agreements should be sought with local civilian authority to effectuate these principles. All commanding officers shall continually emphasize to persons under their command the importance of safe driving and the observance of traffic laws.—Ed.

STAYED AWAY TOO LONG

Dear Sir:

Having reenlisted in the U. S. Marine Corps, there are a few things I would like to know. I hold a master sergeant discharge from the Corps and when I reenlisted I find that there is no record of my previous rank in my new service record book. Should this have been included in the new book? I feel like (having held the rank once) it would help me in future promotions. Also, when I report in to a new outfit and they ask me what rank I held when I was discharged, they don't believe me.

And I can't carry my discharge around with me all the time for evidence.

Also, is there any chance of me getting any promotion other than doing it the hard way? What chance would I have of going to OCS or applying for a warrant or commission? I am now 30 years old and I am here to stay this time.

I sure wish that I could make some of these good Marines (that are going out) see the light before they make the same mistake that I did.

Pfc Elgin W. Murphy
1514 N. W. 82nd Street,
Miami, Florida



● According to your records at HQMC, you entered the Marine Corps Reserve on March 17, 1943. On March 24, 1944, you were promoted to Master Technical Sergeant (Avn Det Temp) with March 16, 1944, as your date of rank. You were discharged on November 6, 1945. On November 12, 1953, you reenlisted in the Marine Corps and were appointed to the rank of Private First Class. This appointment was effected in accordance with enclosure (2) to Marine Corps General Order Number 98 which specifies that any Marine who reenlists after two years from date of discharge can only be appointed to the rank of Private First Class. Accordingly, the rank to which you were appointed was correct.

In your present rank you are not eligible for appointment to warrant officer and your age bars you from OCS. Thus, you will be required to compete for promotion through normal promotion channels. It is suggested, however, that you consult paragraph 5a of Marine Corps General Order Number 117 relative to computing previous time in grade toward determining eligibility for promotion.

There is no requirement that the new Service Record Book must reflect the rank held on a previous enlistment.—Ed.



Leatherneck Magazine



"In keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service"

Citations and Awards For Service in Korea.



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"... for extraordinary heroism . . ."

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Capt. Herbert M. Lorence
Capt. John B. Melvin
Capt. John H. Slusser
1stLt. David K. Fauser
2dLt. William J. Livingston
2dLt. Benjamin H. Murray
Cpl. Elmer R. Betts, Jr.
Pfc Richard J. Adams
Pfc Walter P. Johnson

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"... for exceptionally meritorious conduct in the performance of outstanding services to the Government of the United States . . ."

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Col. Walter R. Lytz (2nd Award)
Col. John C. Munn (2nd Award)
Col. Arthur R. Stacy (2nd Award)

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Col. Edward B. Corney
Col. Owen A. Chambers
LtCol. Lynn H. Stewart
Maj. Emmett O. Anglin, Jr.
Maj. Carol Bernard
Maj. John H. Glenn, Jr.
Maj. Charles L. Schroeder
Maj. Erving F. White
Maj. Royce M. Williams
Capt. Clive Blaney
Capt. Owen W. Brainard
Capt. Corral B. Burch
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Capt. James R. Carmichael
Capt. Henry W. Covington, Jr.
Capt. Thomas R. Egan
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Capt. Austin C. Fitzgerald
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Capt. Hubert C. Grow
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Capt. James I. Perry
Capt. Robert F. Renner
Capt. Leonard Schoenberger
Capt. Floyd Smith
Capt. Harvey A. Toffe
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1stLt. Marvin L. Brill
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1stLt. Marvin E. Day
1stLt. Robert E. Howard, Jr.
1stLt. Robert W. McPherson
1stLt. Robert E. Miller
1stLt. William R. Miller
1stLt. Richard T. Spencer
1stLt. Leonard R. Tait
2dLt. Richard N. Gehrtz
MSgt. James M. Strickland
TSGt. Robert E. Lorch
TSGt. Thomas C. Rafferty
SSgt. William D. Bennetton
SSgt. Robert B. Caldwell
SSgt. James L. Pryor

DISTINGUISHED SERVICE MEDAL

"... for exceptionally meritorious service to the Government of the United States . . ."

Brig. Gen. Robert O. Bare

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Maj. Maurice C. Fullam
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"Gold Star in lieu of . . . award"

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Maj. Edmond P. Hartsock (3rd Award)
Maj. John J. Rollin (3rd Award)
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Capt. Daniel P. Gillon, Jr. (3rd Award)
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Maj. Robert H. Mitchell (2nd Award)
Capt. Alfred F. Bronham (2nd Award)
Capt. George J. Collins (2nd Award)
Capt. Charles Friend, III (2nd Award)
Capt. Harry B. Stuckey (2nd Award)
Capt. Richard T. Ward (2nd Award)

NAVY - MARINE CORPS MEDAL

"... for heroic conduct . . ."

TSGt. James R. Oswalt
Pfc Donald L. Hunter
Pfc John A. Turchetto



UNDERWATER HUNT

[continued from page 43]

The greatest danger to spear fishermen is the spearguns. They are seldom fitted with adequate safeties, and they are capable of killing a man. Marines shouldn't be troubled with this danger if the same rules that prevail with rifles are applied to the spear gun. Watch the civilians, though. Some of them don't know death when they are looking down its throat.

Boat propellers are another hazard. Don't make running pickups with the boat, and don't drag along in the water, hanging to its side. In either case a slip can carry the swimmer back into the prop and the results aren't pleasant.

Camp Lejeune and Cherry Point offer possibilities in popular and commercial spear fishing. Spearing flounders is fun and very easy. The flounder is the flat fish with both eyes on the upper side of the body whose superior flesh is marketed as fillet of sole. He spends his days in the deep water and at night moves into shallow water to feed on small fish life. Normally, he lies flat and motionless, half buried on the bottom. When prey approaches he will attack with an unexpected fury. Frequently, late in the evening, when he begins to move inshore, he can be seen feeding. Sometimes he leaves the water completely. When he does he moves straight up. There is a flash of white underbelly and the fish jack-knifes and re-enters the water with scarcely a ripple.

After sundown, when the flounder moves into shallow water, the fishermen move in with lights and spears. The sport fisherman prefers a hand gasoline lantern, wading shoes and a spear. The commercial flounderers use a boat and frequently an electric light, instead of a gasoline lantern. In either case, the flounder is spotted, blinded by the light and speared. The boat flounderer uses a heavy multi-pointed spear with barbs so the fish may be lifted into the boat. The waders may prefer a needle type of spear with an eye in the upper end, strung with line. When the flounder is speared, the wading fisherman will reach beneath the fish and run it up the spear and out on the string, fitted at the end with a stop.

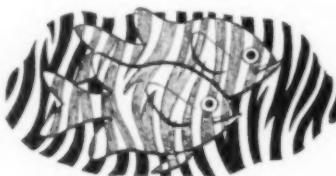
A skin diver can get the flounders during the daylight. During the day the flounder will go out into the water between 10 and 30 feet deep. There he will nestle down in the sand between the rocks, almost invisible. Only two

close-set eyes and the tail may be discerned.

After the flounder has been spotted, the skin diver should approach the fish from the front. Never use the hands when approaching the quarry; swim with the fins. The hands and spear are held rigidly in front of the body. The flounder, being flat, is unable to make a turn in trying to run. The skin diver's position, blocking the flounder's only path of escape will make the fish remain still long enough for an accurate shot.

When using a spear gun, a skin diver seldom misses getting a flounder, but there is one difficulty worthy of consideration—on all shots, the spear passes through the fish. If you are fortunate, it will go into the sand. If your spear strikes a hard rock it can bend double and possibly break the point.

Spear fishing for large fish provides thrills found in few other sports. By large fish, I mean those weighing over 50 pounds. Most of the huge specimens in this country taken by spear fishermen, are caught in Florida. The



southern and west coast sections of that state abound in groupers. The grouper is a species of the sea bass family of which the largest are the warsaw and jewfish. The giant jewfish seems to be born big. The smallest I have ever seen weighed 20 pounds. The average weight of these bumpkins of the sea is about 100 pounds. Their habits are so deeply ingrained that their exact location can be plotted by looking over a location. Given a sense of security by their giant size, the fish don't have the alertness which characterizes their smaller cousins, the brown groupers. The jewfish prefers about 25 feet of water. He will always have some type of concealment. Piling, old barge pipes, wrecks, or loose debris on the bottom serve as his home. Crabs and small rays are his favorite foods and they are brought to him as he pokes his nose into the tide.

For fish over 50 pounds, it is highly advisable to have the line from the spear head attached to a rope, leading to the boat or a fixed point. A 50-pound fish, if speared when the fisherman is nearing the end of his underwater endurance, can give a diver a hard fight. A 100-pound fish can

drown the average diver in a swimming match. The usual procedure in getting the big ones is to pick the likely spots; move the boat into position some 50 feet down tide; tie the cable from the spear head to a three-quarter inch rope, and the other end of the line to the boat. The diver slips silently into the water and swims directly to the bottom.

The person in the boat plays the line out, keeping a slight tension on it to prevent fouling by the tide or waves. The diver swims slowly along the bottom, keeping alert for the huge shape or possible stingarees or other interesting customers. Sometimes the diver will be bowled over backwards in murky water by the flip of a huge tail he never sees. Sometimes only the thump of the fish moving away will be heard.

Sometimes the quarry will be caught napping. The best approach is from underneath and behind. The fish is incapable of seeing in this area, but can sense abrupt movements in the water. If the fish has not been aroused, the best target from the stern position is the center of the body, just below the rear dorsal fin. A good gun will drive the spear completely through the fish at this point. With the spear through the big fish's tail section, he will have trouble making his fast break.

It is impossible for a man to stop the fish's initial run. As the rope runs out both the diver and the handler must guard against the danger of being fouled by the line. The rope handler is, however, in a safer position. Down below, the fish will usually make a couple of quick turns in the piling, snubbing the line around them, or he may take off on his run. When the end of the line is reached or the line is completely snubbed, there is a tremendous jerk. I saw a half-inch manila line with a 1100-pound tensile strength broken by a fish which was estimated to weigh 500 pounds. With the spear placed, the diver's work is done for the moment. He then swims back to the boat and crawls aboard.

The fish continues to fight the now taut rope and within 10 minutes usually tires. Both persons now enter the water, track the rope down to the fish and begin to fight the fish back to the boat; it's an uneventful job that is completed within 15 minutes. The huge fish are too large to get in the boat, so they are tied alongside and towed ashore.

The next time you're out swimming or fishing, check the water visibility. If you can see five feet, spear fishing will be good. Give it a try for the thrill of a lifetime.

END

SOUND OFF

[continued from page 74]

ERROR

Dear Sir:

I noticed in your December, 1953 issue of *Leatherneck* a statement with which I disagree. It appeared under a photograph on page 18, and under the article entitled "Honor Guard." In the photograph a Marine was sewing on a patch (Honor Guard) and the caption claims that patch as the only legal one in the Marine Corps today.

How about the detachment of Marines stationed in Naples, Italy? They have a good sized detachment there and they all wear NATO patches. I was there last May and I know quite a few of the Marines there. Please let me know if I am wrong.

Sgt. R. G. Lanthier
H&S Co., 1st Med. Bn.,
First Marine Division, FMF,
FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

● You are right, Sergeant. We stand corrected.—Ed.

UNFAIR TO SEPARATE

Dear Sir:

I would like very much for you to see if there is an answer to this question. If Marines with the Third Marine Division have to stay overseas for a long period such as 14 or 16 months, will there be any chances of wives joining their husbands? I for one, think it is very unfair for families to stay separated such a long period of time.

If you answer this question in your "Sound Off" column I will greatly appreciate it, for it seems that your information is about all we ever get.

A Marine's Family

● We have no knowledge of any such action being contemplated at this writing.—Ed.

END

PFC, CPL. OR SGT.

Dear Sir:

I have recently been enrolled in the Marine Corps Reserve which I like fine. I am in the 3rd 155-Gun Btry., Salem, Oregon, and at present hold rank of Private, U.S.M.C.R.(O).

Being enrolled in Willamette University, I have made application for the PLC Program. I understand that during my first summer camp I will be made a temporary corporal, and the next summer camp I will be made a sergeant. I would like to know if my rank at summer camp will have any bearing on my rank in my reserve unit

when I return to my unit in the Fall.

I have heard both sides of the question, so I want the straight scoop. I would greatly appreciate any advice you can give me on this matter.

Robert T. Donald
2831 Auburn Avenue,
Baker, Oregon



● *Marine Corps Reserve Memorandum 2-53 governs the rank of persons holding dual membership in the PLC program and in the Organized Reserve. The directive states, in effect, that when a PLC returns from PLC summer training and rejoins his Reserve unit, the commanding officer will restore the rank he held prior to going to PLC training or, such higher rank as may be appropriate in accordance with the following:*

(a) *If the member has prior active*

service, other than his PLC training, he may be reappointed to the highest rank previously held;

(b) If the member has no prior active service other than his PLC training, he may be reappointed in the unit up to and including the rank of sergeant. Determination of the rank he will be given under either (a) or (b) will be subject to existence of a billet vacancy and the commanding officer's opinion as to whether the individual is qualified for the rank concerned.

Thus, in your case, upon your return to your unit in the Fall, you may be appointed a Pfc, Corporal, or Sergeant if there is a vacancy and your CO thinks you are qualified to fill the billet.—Ed.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Dear Editor:

We of the Circulation Department, *Leatherneck Magazine*, would appreciate it very much if our subscribers would furnish (at least five weeks in advance) their OLD as well as their NEW address when a change of address is forwarded. Subscriptions are located more readily and time is saved if their OLD address is included.

Circulation Department,
LEATHERNECK Magazine
P. O. Box 1918,
Washington 13, D. C.

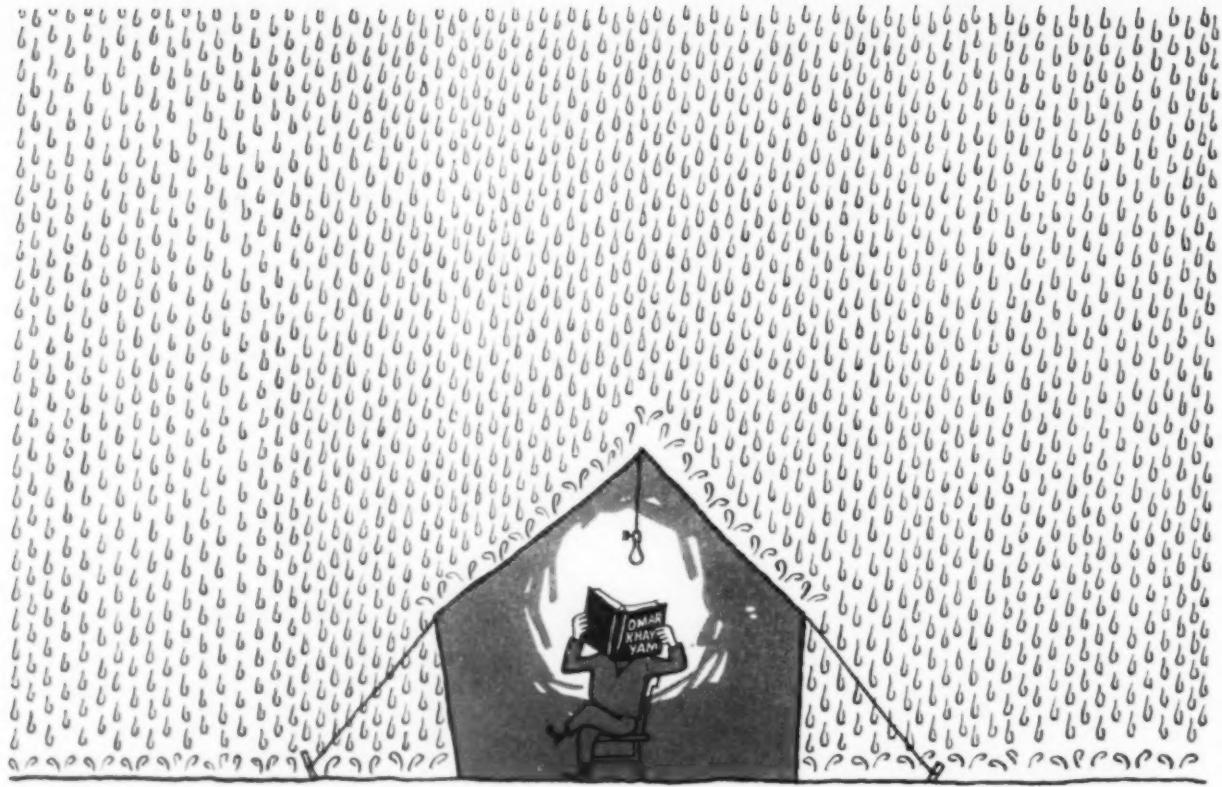
● We are happy to pass the word along.—Ed.

END



"For your information, fellow, I'm sick and tired of coffee without cream!"

Leatherneck Magazine



What did OMAR KHAYYAM do for the Marines?

He made tents. On the side he wrote books.

If you want his tents, you've got a problem; he made them in the 12th century. If you want his books, you've still got a problem, but we can help you, as we did the Marine in the tent.

LEATHERNECK's Bookshop sells Omar's products—not the tents, the books. Omar doesn't know it (he died in 1123 AD) but the Bookshop sells ANY book in print—and some that aren't.

You name it—we've got it, or can get it. Check the list on the next page. If you don't spot the book you want, write for it anyway. Odds are, we can get it for you.

GENERAL INTEREST

1. THE MARILYN MONROE STORY by Joe Franklin and Laurie Palmer. The INSIDE story of Hollywood's sensational glamour girl with 39 full-page photographs. \$2.00

2. LUCKY TO BE A YANKEE by Joe Di-maggio. This is Joe's own story of his rise from sandlot baseball to big league stardom. \$2.00

3. FLYING SAUCERS FROM OUTER SPACE by Major Donald E. Keyhoe, USMC (Ret.). A report of a responsible, accurate observer who poses the question: Are the flying saucers interplanetary? \$3.00

4. THE CAINE MUTINY by Herman Wouk. The Pulitzer Prize novel which tells a suspense story of a young Naval officer and the sadistic captain of an old minesweeper. The court-martial scene from this best-seller is now a Broadway play. \$3.95

5. THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS by Charles A. Lindbergh. The 33-hour flight which changed history. The lone flyer's life story—boyhood, barnstorming days, flying the mail, and the first transatlantic flight! \$5.00

MARINE CORPS FICTION

6. BATTLE CRY by Leon Uris. Still on the nation's best seller list. A former Marine tells a rugged and raw story about a squad of hard-fighting, hard-loving Marines. From the 'Canal to Iwo, they fought as they lived—hard and fast. \$3.95

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BOOKS REVIEWED

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THE MAGNIFICENT BASTARDS. By Lucy Herndon Crockett. Farrar, Straus and Young, New York, N. Y.

Price: \$3.50

The title of this book refers to the U. S. Marines. It is not a reflection on any member of the Corps, but rather a terse quotation from the manuscript, spoken in a man's language to express a man's admiration for a band of fighting men.

Yet, it was written by a woman.

The sub-title on the dust jacket describes the contents within as, "a novel of the Marines and a woman in a theater of war." This is only partially correct. The Marines are there, the zone of action is the Southwest Pacific, but the women portrayed in the 296 pages appear to dominate the reader's attention.

Lucy Herndon Crockett held a Majority in the American Red Cross with tours of duty in New Caledonia, Guadalcanal, the Philippines, Japan and Korea. Her novel is centered around Noumea, in New Cal, and the Red Cross women who staffed the service club there.

Heroine Lee Ashley's husband was killed in action while serving with the 1st Paramarine Battalion on Guadalcanal. In her attempt to gain first-hand facts of his last days, hours and minutes, she enlists in the Red Cross and volunteers for overseas duty. As books would have it, Mrs. Ashley lands at Noumea, just outside the camp of the mythical 5th Marine Raider Battalion. The whole trip seems worthwhile until she is introduced to Colin Black, commanding officer of the 5th Raiders who may be hero or villain—reader's choice.

But it must be admitted that when Miss Crockett extols the Marine Corps through the character of Colin Black, she does quite well:

ANSWERS TO CORPS QUIZ ON PAGE 12

1. (b); 2. (b); 3. (b); 4. (c);
5. (a); 6. (a); 7. (a); 8. (b);
9. (a); 10. (c).

"It's the principle behind the build-up we give ourselves—that there's no situation too tough for the Marines to take on. A soldier must believe in himself and his outfit. The Marine Corps goes on the assumption that all its

he can dip into that well. It enables him to stick a ramrod down his back and keep going."

RAS

I WAS AN AMERICAN SPY by Sidney Forrester Mashbir Vantage Press, Inc., N. Y.

Price: \$3.75

While General John J. Pershing was hotfooting it after Senor Pancho Villa and his guerrillas south of the border, Sidney F. Mashbir a young captain of the First Arizona Infantry was transferred from his unit and dispatched to verify Indian reports about suspicious Japanese infiltrating near the Gulf of California. Mashbir's bristling intelligence work turned up the first Japanese documents ever captured by the U. S.

Despite the startling uncovering of an Oriental spy ring operating in Mexico, Mashbir had a running battle with high level indifference and complacency. They usually considered Intelligence an ideal billet in which to relegate misfits.

By World War I, Mashbir had moved up to colonel, and had charge of counterintelligence for the Eastern Department of the U. S. Army. His undercover work helped expose the Kaiser's clever espionage plan in which former German citizens were being naturalized for the sole purpose of entering the U. S. Army, working their way up to positions of responsibility, then spying for Germany.

By World War II, Mashbir, still with Intelligence, earned a place on General MacArthur's G-2 staff.

Colonel Mashbir's unsuccessful attempts to get recognition for his M-Plan which called for getting secret information out of Japan, is revealed for the first time. This plan was devised during the between-the-wars era while he was also accurately evaluating bits of information pointing toward Pearl Harbor.

I Was An American Spy, traces more than 30 years of espionage and counter-espionage activity, and many of the incidents included in the book had been previously classified as Top Secret.

P.S.



men are brave. Marines are taught it's inconceivable that they should ever leave the field of battle in disgrace . . . that's the basis for the high standard of Marine performance in combat.

"And that's why the boot has it drummed into him that he's a member of the toughest, proudest corps of fighting men on earth. It's drummed into him until he believes it. When he comes out of boot camp, he feels he's a member of one helluva exclusive brotherhood. He's built up a terrific crust of pride. Pride in himself as a Marine. It forms an inner well of strength. Then when the pinch comes,

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